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# DRUMMER

ISSUE 41

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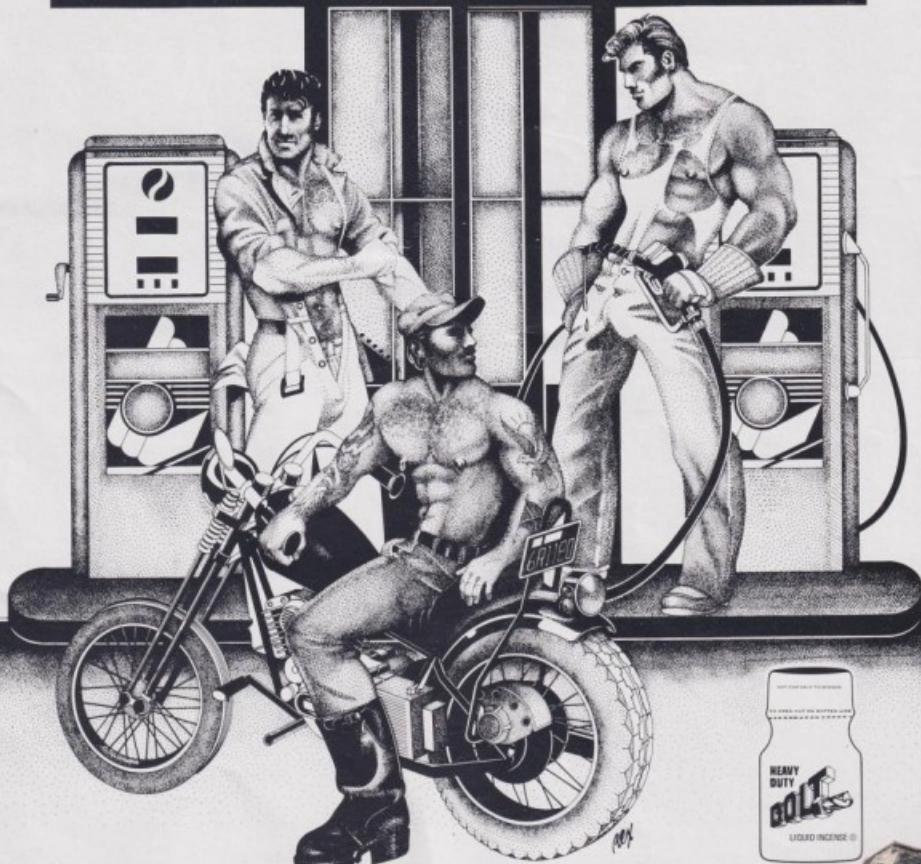
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# DRUMMER

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 5

41

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



## 7 MALECALL

### 8 HELLFIRE '80

*Another visit to the Chicago lamp lighters, where last year's publicity has turned into this year's international S&M conference.*

## 14 MUSCLE MACHINE

*The second and final half of Greg Nero's matchless tale of Russian balls meet American balls, set amid the sweat of an international bodybuilding competition.*

## 21 WEST

*The new wave in erotic art is capped with leather, steel and restraints. Drummer is proud to showcase a tasty sampling of a tasty new artist.*

## 27 RUN NO MORE

**A DRUMMER EXCLUSIVE!**  
*The second volume in Larry Townsend's Little Leather Boy stories begins in this issue. A classic of S&M writing from the past decade, and revived in its entirety, Run No More set the standard for contemporary S&M literature.*

## 33 LEATHER IN STOCKHOLM

*A mini-tour with snapshots from one of the four European leather capitals. The legendary image of the blond Swede hunk has been replaced by the blond Swede hunk in leather.*

## 36 MEMBERS ONLY

*The first in a series of instructions for finding the correspondence club that best suits your needs.*

## 39 DRUMSTICKS

### 43 KEY CLUB CARPENTERS

*Captured in the act of building the new Drummer Key Club interiors, here is the evidence that there is life before sundown.*

*Photos by Terry.*

## 49 DRUM

### 53 THE AMSTERDAM INCIDENT

*Ron Harvie's tale of corruption, detection and revenge set amid the waterway of Amsterdam.*

### 61 TOUGH SHIT

*Mostly media crap...*

### 63 ASTROLOGIC

## 64 TOUGH CUSTOMERS

### 67 BOOKS

*It's a long way from Oscar Wilde to Red McKuen, is the trip even worth it?*

### 69 LEATHER NOTEBOOK

## 71 CONRAP

### 75 FILM

*Knife in the Head... those Germans sure have a way with words.*

## 77 DRUMBEATS

## 86 IN PASSING

### COVER & CONTENTS PAGE:

*Putting the finishing touches on the Drummer Key Club.*

*Photo by Terry.*

# DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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# MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

### LEATHER COME OUT

I received DRUMMER No. 38 last week and I was very pleased when I read *The Drummer Story*. Living where I do and being a true leather fetishist, and into some heavy kink, DRUMMER is my release (other than my few yearly trips to Folsom Street and the real action). I have been with DRUMMER since Volume One, Number One and have gone through all the changes with you (the sometimes late issues, Ms. Barney and her short-lived Leather Frat, etc.). But through it all, DRUMMER has come out on top.

I've met some great guys through my ads and answering others; and have come to understand myself and my kinky needs, and have learned to let it all out. Through efforts like DRUMMER, leather has come out, and all gays will find our place to live in freedom; and that's what it's supposed to be all about.

Bill Fiedler  
The Oroville Kink

### IS IT POSSIBLE?

I just read DRUMMER no. 38 and I agree with Frank from Corona; I'd like to hear more from the cop and his son. It would be great to have him write a more detailed account of their relationship.

In issue No. 37 of DRUMMER, you printed an excerpt from the *San Francisco Chronicle* in S&M GOES PUBLIC about a program on S&M that quoted a 13-year-old who called the television station to find out what role youngsters his age have in S&M. Would an article be possible in DRUMMER that answers his question(s)?

Jim Summers Point, NJ

(Editor's Note: We'd like to hear more about the cop and his son [What Did You Do On The Force, Daddy?] and hope that he'll read all the letters from readers requesting same. As for your question, there is no possible framework in which we could answer his questions without running afoul of the law — which is foul enough, already.)

### BETTER AND BETTER

You get better and better. I was very impressed with John W. Rowberry's Getting Off column in your great Anniversary issue (DRUMMER No. 38). I've read many books and articles about leather men, but I think this was the most intelligent piece I've read on the subject. I only wish all the weekend voyeurs who make men in leather or uniforms feel like freaks in most of New York's famous 'leather' bars would read it.

G. Kirk  
New York, NY

### POLICY STATEMENT

At worst, I'm acting out a chauvinistic reaction to DRUMMER's guide to Los Angeles (DRUMMER No. 39), and at best, I'm trying to understand a very serious error you have made. This is no mere matter of pointing out the error. You knew what you were doing and you were childishly obvious about it. In response to your actions and directly to the point: Basic Plumbing was the first, and still is the best gay men's club of its kind in Southern California.

And, Greg's Blue Dot Lounge is an extremely successful replacement of a dead Los Angeles landmark. Why weren't they mentioned in the guide?

Guide? That was no guide. It was a subjective compilation of personal suggestions peppered with unbelievably obvious commercial endorsements and politically motivated omissions. You still think most of your readers are jerking off instead of thinking while they read your magazine. You've insulted a lot of people in Los Angeles.

Jim Blank  
Los Angeles, CA

(Editor's note: Got that off your chest? Good, now we'll get to the reason Basic Plumbing was omitted from our Los Angeles Guide. Basic Plumbing has a policy of discriminating against a variety of types of gay men. You are obviously not one of the particular types this policy affects. One of our staff members is. DRUMMER also has a policy, we will not accept advertising from any gay establishment that refuses service to any gay man based solely on his race, age, height, weight, or any other non-relevant statistic. We get enough of that bullshit from the rest of the world, we simply do not need to embrace it here in these pages. Our publisher and the owner of this particular establishment have discussed this matter and both sides seem to be hard-assed. The establishment wishes to deny entry based on a set of guidelines we find unacceptable. Because of that, we will not accept their advertising, and we have no obligation to mention them in our magazine.

If you knew San Francisco, you would have noticed a couple South of Market establishments that were similarly passed over. The same reason. We hold what integrity we maintain above advertising considerations. That integrity should be important to you, even if you should be one of the select few that fits every man's wet dream and wouldn't be denied entry anywhere.

The reason we neglected to mention Greg's is simply because we were not aware of this fine bar, and it was overlooked. That's unfortunate, and we would not knowingly slight any business

that we feel comfortable with in our pages. You'll notice that Greg's has an advertisement in this issue, and we will find some way of bringing information about Greg's to our reader's attention.

One final note. We have never assumed our readers were anything but intelligent, rational, sexually specific men. If you were really reading this magazine, I mean with the attention that the rest of our readers pay, you'd know that.)

#### HAIR APPARENT

You may or may not be aware of it, but your cover models on DRUMMER issues Nos. 37 and 38 pleased a lot of guys, myself included, who are crazy about hairy armpits. And those cover men certainly had a lot of hair in their pits!

Let's see more like that, okay guys?

M.A.A.  
Las Vegas, NV

#### HELLFIRE, HELL YES

DRUMMER is a great magazine and I buy it whenever I get to Minneapolis or Toronto. For S&M and raunchy scenes, I would say that it is tops.

I find DRUMMER a great help in expanding my sexual fantasies. Your Hellfire issues were especially good.

John  
Thunder Bay,  
CANADA

(Editor's note: For Pete's sake, stud, subscribe! Those long trips out of town must be making your single copy price go sky high. Unless, of course, you're going to Minneapolis and Toronto for some other reason.)

#### ARNELL LARSEN

It is with deep sorrow that we report the death of Arnell Larsen, artist, writer, and former DRUMMER columnist (*From the Boot-rack*) on August 27th, 1980. Arnell left us much too soon, after a long and gallant fight against a deadly disease, which he refused to let stop him from either his painting or writing. Mr. Larsen was at work on a novel when he passed on.

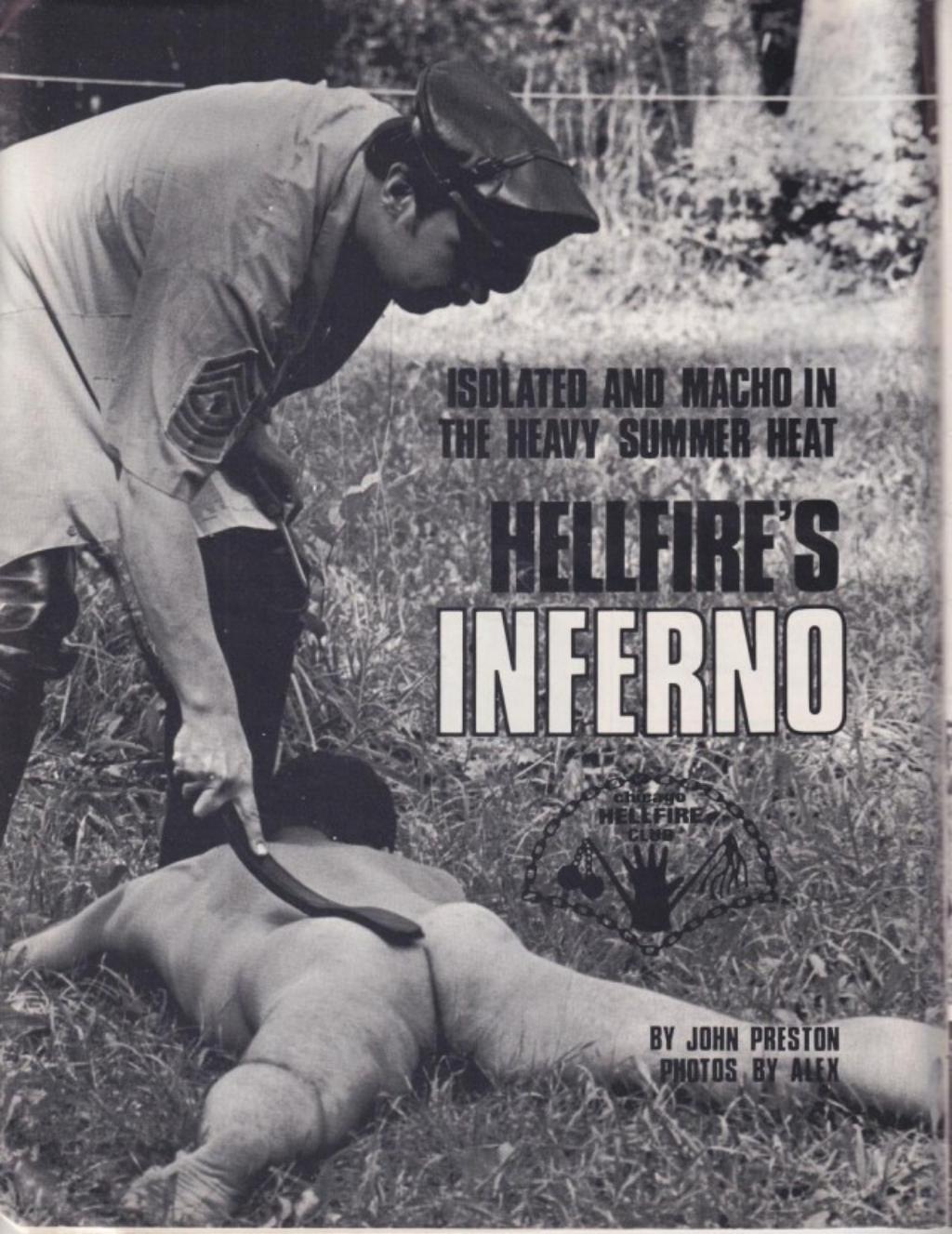
Recently, a painting of Arnell's, simply entitled 'Boots' was the main piece in the DRUMMER Erotic Art Show. His work and his gentlemanly grace had been special to DRUMMER for many years.

A friend of Arnell's, in telling us of his passing, said of him: "To us who loved him, he was a joy and a treasure, with a mind that was never still, like a hummingbird darting this way and that, drinking from each source of knowledge, and shooting out flashes of light and color and beauty."

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ISOLATED AND MACHO IN  
THE HEAVY SUMMER HEAT

# HELLFIRE'S INFERNO



BY JOHN PRESTON  
PHOTOS BY ALEX

Inferno. The annual event of the Windy City Hellfire Club of Chicago. Held in a suburb (identity withheld) equidistant between Chicago and Milwaukee. The premiere S&M event of the year. Anywhere.

That's the basic information.

1980 was the Ninth year for Inferno. Last year *Drummer* gave the eighth Inferno a great deal of publicity. The photographs of the bondage contests, the scenes of discipline in the dungeon, and the article that tried to communicate the intensity of it all combined to attract over 200 men to this year's event. They came from New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Houston. They brought their attitude with them.

How could anything in Chicago be that heavy? None of the New Yorkers believed it possible that Midwesterners could pull off anything close to what had been portrayed in the articles last year. They didn't know how tightly censored those pieces had been. None of the Californians thought anyone could really have that much to teach them. They hadn't believed their eyes when they looked at those pictures.

The cocky coastal attitudes seemed to be justified as the event began. It was funny that Inferno's held in an abandoned summer camp. In the evening light on Friday it didn't even seem to be as intense a weekend as a bike run. No big deal. Everyone relaxed. The New Yorkers and the San Franciscans got ready for the remarks they'd make to one another later. The jokes, the quips. They let down their guard.

The central event of Inferno's nighttime activities is the Dungeon. All the members of the Chicago-based club pool all their equipment — racks, suspension devices, yokes — there's enough for twelve men at a time to be in bondage, their bodies open and vulnerable to what-





ever is going to happen to them. At midnight, one acquaintance from New York decided to stroll over to the building. It might be interesting. I stood beside him in the doorway and watched his face blanche at the sight and sounds of twelve men, being whipped, tortured, pierced, stretched on a tension rack, hanging from the ceiling. "Oh, my God," the words came softly from his throat.

It only takes one night to erase attitude from Inferno.

By Saturday afternoon the *fact* of Inferno is in place. It is happening. It does exist. It is heavier than anything your mind could have prepared you for.

It becomes commonplace in Inferno to watch naked slaves running across the yard on errands for their masters. You begin to assume the existence of real welts and bruises on naked backs. There is absolutely nothing strange about the Master from Pennsylvania who leads his two slaves around on leashes — two slaves who will never say a single word to another person, nor wear a single piece of clothing for the whole weekend. But the intensity of Inferno is so incredibly great that lines that might have existed to define the territories of fantasy and reality are not just erased — they are obliterated. To own a slave in Inferno is not a fantasy, it's expected. To whip your lover to the point where he can't even scream but is broken to animalistic sobbing is accepted as an act of love.

One thing you can't do at Inferno is let down your guard. You must be ready for anything at any time. You must

never think you can know what's going to happen. You never will be able to anticipate it all.

On Saturday afternoon there was a slave contest. It seemed as though it was going to be one of those campy show-things that go on at bike runs. You just assumed that everyone would have to bite their tongues to keep from laughing. Maybe the master of ceremonies would be in drag? That kind of thing.

And so, dozens of men gathered around the roped off arena and watched. There was no drag. Three masters in leather stood at corners of the field and waited for the contestants. The first three nude entered. Little laughs and asides were heard from the crowd. Until the judging began. The contestants approached each judge naked, scared, and totally willing. Eventually twelve men went through the paces. The paces meant crawling from one judge to another on their bellies, receiving an easy-sounding five strokes of a belt, but times three with these men doing the delivering meant all twelve left the arena with marks that they'd keep for long after the weekend.

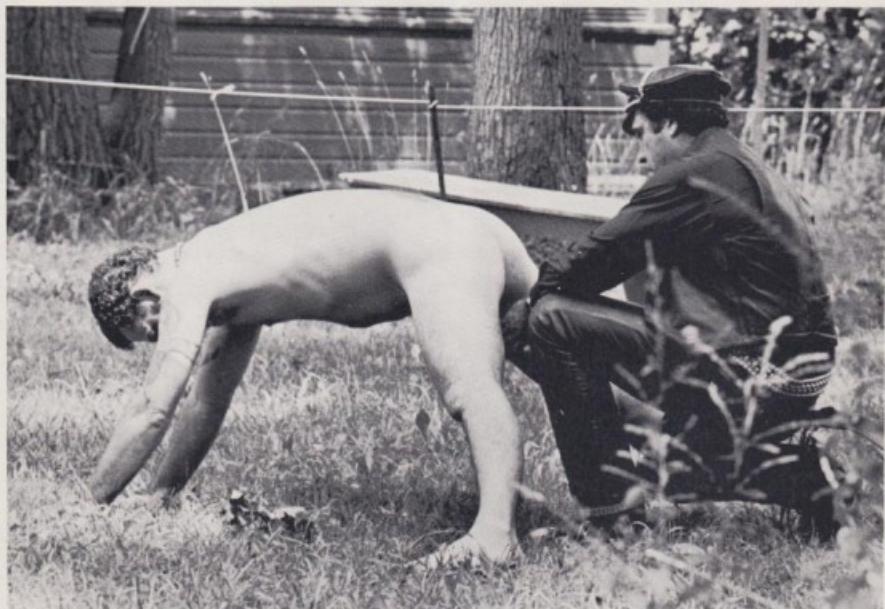
There is nothing that happens at Inferno that isn't heavy. Nothing.

What is fantasy and what is reality? You can't remember the difference after the weekend gets going in full swing. You don't blink an eye when you see chained nude bodies digging latrines. It makes total sense when the loudspeakers announce that all toilets are off limits — if you piss, you have to piss in or on one

of the latrine diggers. When you're at Inferno you don't think twice about the workshops the Hellfire Club puts on. What do you want to know about? How to use electrical devices? Catheters? Enema devices? It all sounds perfectly normal. And you find nothing strange about finding yourself sitting in the audience and getting good, sound, sober advice on all these topics.

Inferno is an event unlike any other held in this country. In some ways it is the tip of the iceberg of the *real* S&M network. The one time and place where that network shows itself and lets those of us who want to experience it make contact. When last year's events were written up in *Drummer* there were those who said the articles were too dramatic, they made the weekend sound so intense that people would be frightened to attend. Good. No one, *No One*, should go to Inferno without an already existent commitment to S&M. It is no playground. It is no testing ground. It isn't a place to experiment. You do not come to Inferno unless you know you belong there.

What happens to you when you go to Inferno? The event is so intense that you are disoriented for days, perhaps weeks after. I am not making that up. When I returned to New York I went out to the "leather" bars. There is a real reentry problem. After Inferno you want the same heightened action. Vanilla sex is intolerable. It took me two weeks to find someone to have sex with. I was desperate. When it was done the man looked up at me and claimed it was the heaviest





scene he had ever been in. I told him it had been so light it was something less than masturbation.

Another friend from New York came back from the weekend. He's been around. He had had a certain reputation in S&M circles here. He returned with his tits pierced. Within a month he had five tattoos on previously unmarked skin. He was supposed to have been heavy before Inferno. Now he goes around the bars in the meat packing district with a whip on his right side, trying to find men who can meet his previously unexperienced needs.

You must go to Inferno to challenge yourself. To be able to go into areas you never thought existed. To find out how much you really are into this scene.

Another New Yorker's return to the city: He manages one of the premiere leather bars here. He immediately called a meeting of his staff and distributed copies of Larry Townsend's *Leatherman's Handbook*. "S&M is not just fist-fucking."

There's another reason to attend Inferno. The Hellfire Club is one of the very, very few places where a network of gay men honestly into S&M can meet. But Inferno is held only once a year. Every year more and more people join the Club as Members (Chicago-residents) or Associates (men from outside Illinois). Every Inferno involves more and more Members and Associates. As some of us stood around watching men filling out applications and trying to get the necessary approving signatures it became apparent to us that soon the weekend would close down; it would become private and might sink into the underworld where most really heavy S&M takes place. It won't happen this year, but the next?

You must approach the Hellfire Club and Inferno as an opportunity. And one that needs to be grasped now, before it disappears.

For information on next year's Inferno, you can write: Windy City Hellfire Club, Box 5426, Chicago, IL 60680. It'll be held on Labor Day weekend 1981. Warning: To attend Inferno you must be sponsored by a Hellfire Club Member or Associate. It will call for an interview which the Club can arrange in most large cities.



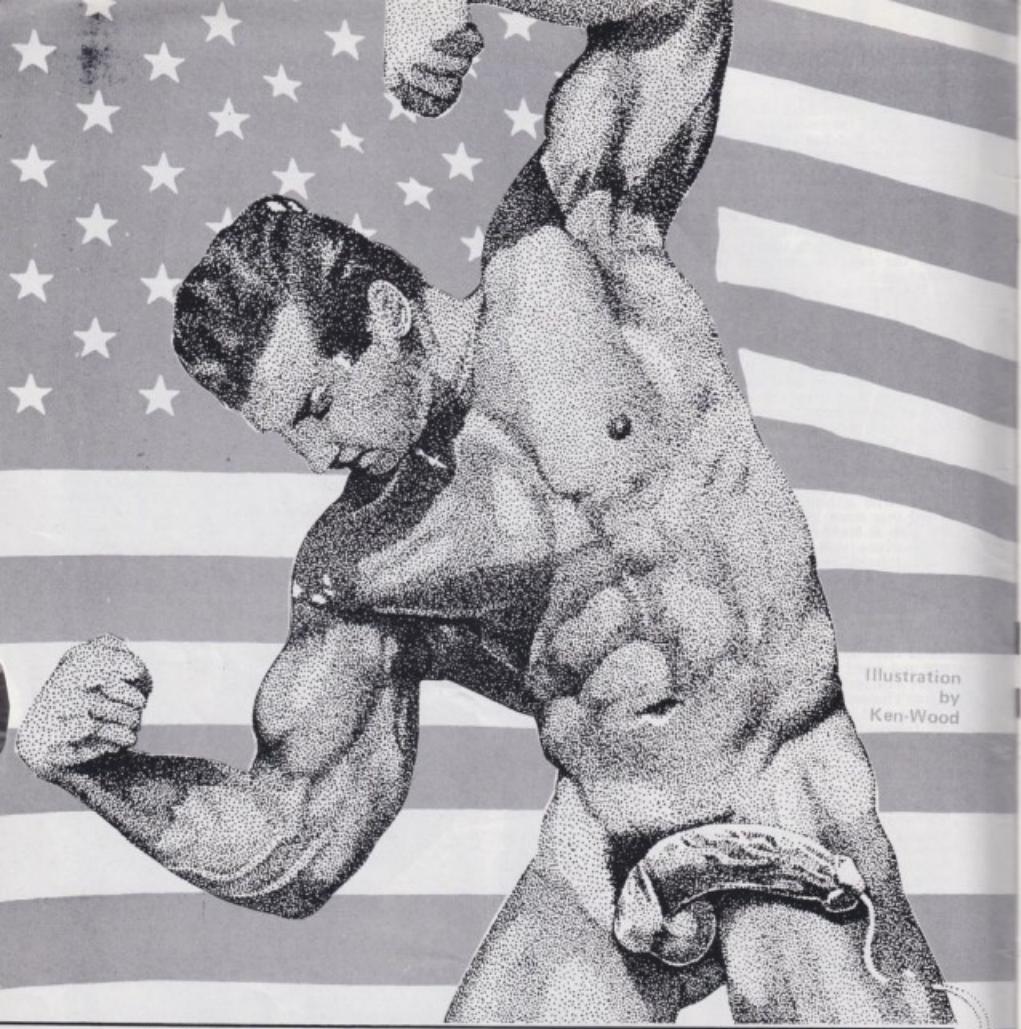


Illustration  
by  
Ken-Wood

part 2

# MUSCLE MACHINE

by GREG NERO

The first "All-Nations Bodybuilding Championships" had turned Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre into a gilded animal pit. The standing room only crowd was a seething mass of muscle fanatics caught up in the gladiator display of human flesh to the point where no one was thinking rationally any more. They were all acting like a pack of rabid wolves who had tasted first blood and now thirsted for the final kill.

"What the fuck do you mean the judges want a second posedown? It's fucking obvious who the fucking winner is!" Clint angrily paced backstage, bathed in sweat, complaining to anyone who would listen. After going through a day of

warmups and prejudging, warmups and judging, warmups and a posedown with Sergei, he was ready to pick up his trophy and go home.

The static-charged air crackled anew when the Russian fans started shouting, "Ser-gel! Ser-gel! Ser-gel!" at the top of their lungs. The other half of the audience, spectators from around the world, were not to be outdone and began yelling, "Mag-num! Mag-num! Mag-num!" The whole place was going nuts!

Doug rushed up to Clint and punched the side of his arm. "Have you seen the audience? It's a fucking madhouse out there!"

"What the hell is going on with those fucking judges?" roared Clint. "Did you hear that they've called for another posedown?"

"Yeah, I heard," nodded Doug. He put his arm around Clint's waist and whispered as low as he could, "There's rumors that the eastern-block judges want their boy, Sergei, to win so badly that they're screwing up the scoring and trying to intimidate the other judges."

Clint slammed his fist into a near-by wall. "Those damn fucking assholes!"

Doug put his hand around the back of Clint's neck and brought their heads together. "You've got Sergei beat! Everyone can see that. If they want another posedown, you give it to them. And then you wipe that Russian's fucking ass so bad he won't know which end is up!"

A sudden roar burst from the crowd and a cry of "Sergei!" rocked the theatre. "He's out there now," shouted Doug. "Get him, Clint! Go out there and wipe his ass!"

"That fucking bastard!" Squaring his shoulders and throwing out his chest, Clint walked out onstage with fire in his eyes.

"Mag-num! Mag-num! Mag-num!"

Clint mounted the large platform and scowled. "I'm going to wipe your fucking ass, pisshead!"

Sergei's grim, determined expression faltered for a second before he regained his control. "Suck my cock!"

The contest stage manager ran up to the two men, looking very nervous at having anything to do with the feuding titans. "An optional routine posedown, gentlemen, I'll stop you after one minute." Bolting like a frightened rabbit, he left Clint and Sergei glaring at each other on the platform. From the side, barely heard above the din of the audience, he yelled, "Begin!"

Wham! Front double biceps. Clint hit his first pose before Sergei even had time to draw his breath. His massive arms bunched into peaked cannonballs and glinted like 24-karat gold under the posing lights.

Sergei hit his first pose, a front lat spread, just as Clint moved into his second. With smooth, sure precision, Clint brought his hands behind his head and hunkered down into an abdominal crunch. Every ridge popped into view and turned his stomach into a human washboard.

Clint's fans went wild, jumping around and screaming out their admiration. Security guards in front of the stage had to hold back a large group ready to crown him the winner right then and there.

Sergei tried to rally and hit the audience with a most-muscular pose. Striated muscles, immense veins, and deep cuts blew up all over his body but, still, there was something missing. Something a champ can't buy off a shelf or build up in a gym. Call it class, call it charisma, call it anything you want. The audience was beginning to sense that Sergei didn't have enough of it to be number one.

Clint was coming on like gang-busters, like a steamroller, and nothing could stop him! He had it all over Sergei. For every two poses Sergei hauled out, Clint snapped out three. But, whereas Sergei was pushing to keep up with the pace, Clint just eased from one pose to the next in a fluid, controlled rhythm.

Pull-together . . . Boom! Standing side chest.

Pull-together . . . Boom! Back lat spread.

Pull-together . . . Boom! Front thighs and calves.

"Mag-num! Mag-num! Mag-num!"

Clint looked over at Sergei and couldn't help smiling when he saw the blind stud was having trouble. He knew then that he had the whole theatre in the palm of his hand. Every person there was for him, wanted him, would do anything he asked. This'll teach those goddamn judges to fuck around with me, he thought.

Damnit, if Clint wasn't getting a hard-on! He couldn't help it, the whole contest was just too much of a fucking turn-on! Shit, if this posedown didn't end pretty damn quick the judges would have a new hunk of his body to examine. As it was, his light blue posing trunks were so drenched with sweat that they were practically transparent, nothing was being left to the audience's imagination. His cock and balls were visible right to the back row of the Bolshoi Theatre and, what with the television cameras, to everyone watching around the world. But who gave a fucking damn? Certainly not the audience, they loved it!

"Mag-num! Mag-num! Mag-num!"

Clint just finished his most-muscular pose, his straining cock about to pop out and display his most erect pose, when the stage manager ran on shouting, "That's it, gentlemen! That's all! Relax!"

"That's easy for you to say," muttered Clint. Breathing a sigh of relief, he turned his back on the audience and fumbled with his trunks, trying to find a way to keep his cock covered. He saw Doug cracking up backstage and motioned, "What the hell am I going to do?"

Between attacks of side-splitting laughter, Doug dropped his hand to his crotch and used a rapid back and forth motion to suggest jacking off.

Clint laughed and shook his head. "Very funny, asshole!"

A voice on the p.a. system boomed out over the din of the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen, the judges have made their decision. The winner of the first All-Nations Bodybuilding Championships is Clint Magnum, from the United States."

Pulling his trunks up as best he could, Clint turned to face the deafening approval of the crowd. He basked in their adulation for a few moments then walked over to where his stunned opponent was gulumy standing.

"I have lost," was all Sergei could get out before he choked and the tears started blinding him.

Clint put his arms around the muscular and gave him a hug. "You're damn fucking right," he whispered. "You're good, Sergei, but I'm better. Tonight, after the party, you get your ass to my hotel room and I'll show you how much better."

The new world champ patted the runner-up on the butt before turning back to the waiting crowd, flashing his big white California smile, and going through a few of his favorite poses.

"Fuck! AH! Damn! AH! Shit! AH!"

Damnit if Doug wasn't using a sledgehammer to drive a spike up Clint's hot bunghole! At least, that's what it felt like to Clint, who was pressed flat on his back, legs up, while Doug pulverized his chute with that popcorn-sized meat of his.

"Shit, man, I'm going to have to report you to the police."

Without missing a stroke, Doug asked, "What the hell for?"

"Assault with a deadly weapon. That cock of yours feels like cast iron!"

"Must be from all those protein pills!" chuckled Doug. "Six inches of solid steel!"

"Yeah, six inches across!" exclaimed Clint. "It feels like you're ripping my ass to shreds! But, don't stop. Don't stop! Just shut up, keep fucking, and let me enjoy myself!" He gripped Doug's grinding fuckpole tighter with his sphincter to get the message across and ran his hands quickly over Doug's corded arms and breastplate chest to feel the muscles flexing under the slick, polished skin. This was high temperature, steamy, man-fucking at its all-time best. Superhuman fucking. Fat-meat-pounding-in-and-out-of-a-steaming-bunghole kind of fucking. Bodybuilder fucking.

"Ahhh, shit, Clint! I'm coming! I can't hold it no more! I'm coming!"

"Come, you fucker! Come!"

Doug froze for a moment, like he was on a platform doing a pose, and then he fucked like he hadn't seen a decent piece of ass in years. He screwed so fast and furious it was a wonder he wasn't getting prick-burn.

Clint felt his insides go sticky from Doug's spunk just as his own cock erupted in a shower of its own, splashing cum over his abs and chest. In a frenzy, he spread the cum like it was sun-tan oil, all the while moaning and thrashing around, trying to keep from going insane. That meat of Doug's was driving him fucking bananas! It was chewing his bunghole and

smashing through his insides so brutally that it felt like it must be a new army secret weapon. As fuck sessions go, this one rated a definite "10" in Clint's books.

Spent, Doug slowly pulled out of Clint's frayed ass and flopped down beside the heavyweight. "I'll tell you one thing, Clint," he said, after a long time getting his breath back. "A good fuck is worth two hours in the gym any day!"

"No shit," replied Clint, as if he didn't already know. He closed his eyes and sighed. Nothing like a man's spunk in your guts to remind you how great it is to be alive. Especially when that spunk is from a stud like Doug.

There was a light tap at the door.

"Who the fuck is that? Can't get a minute's peace here for anything," growled Doug.

Wrapping a towel around his waist, Clint went to find out. "Let's just hope it ain't CBS, come to do an interview."

"Oh, I dunno," smirked Doug. "The folks back home might be interested to find out what a bodybuilder pumps when he ain't pumping iron."

Clint chuckled and opened the door. On the other side, looking larger than life, stood Sergei. He beckoned him in and quickly went through the intros. "Doug, you've met Sergei. Sergei, this is Doug."

Sergei nodded and looked quizzically at Clint. He hadn't been expecting two men in the room.

"Doug's a good friend of mine. We do everything together," explained Clint, tossing his towel aside and giving his nuts a tug.

"Hey, that was a damn fine show you put on out there, Sergei," commended Doug, in his best folksy, down-home voice.

Sergei's deep, murky eyes locked onto Clint's. "But not good enough. I did not win."

Clint didn't flinch a hair. "No, you didn't. You didn't stand a chance."

"The people of the Soviet Union have invested much time and money in my development. I disappointed them when I did not win. They expected me to win."

Shit, he sounds like a fucking robot, thought Clint. That got him pissed off and he spit out, "Screw that crap. You

didn't want to win for them. You wanted to win because you wanted to fuck me."

Sergei's blood pressure rose ten points. So did his big Russian meat. It was so hard now that his jock was having a tough time containing it. "Why did you tell me to win if you knew I didn't have a chance?"

"Because once I saw you were hungry for my dick, I was afraid of you going soft on that platform. I wanted you in your best condition so I could whip your ass and stomp your balls for the whole world to see. And, fuck if I didn't."

Sergei's face got redder. "Why do you treat me like shit? You think I not good enough? I fuck you and I show you how good I am. I want to fuck you. I will fuck you."

"Nobody fucks me unless I want them to. And, buddy-boy, I wouldn't let you near my ass with a ten-foot rubber dildo. Shithead, you are just a big piece of ugly meat to me. I hate ugly meat. I wouldn't let a piece of ugly meat fuck me." A tight smile etched the corners of Clint's mouth and his eyes narrowed. "But, you're in luck because I know just what to do with ugly meat. It's got to be trained, worked on. Worked on real good. Worked on so I can stomach it. Worked on so I won't throw up every time I look at it. That's going to take time. In your case, maybe a long time. So, if you're ever going to reach the point where I'm going to be able to stomach you, we're going to have to start your training pretty damn quick. Right now, in fact. So, strip."

Drawing himself to his full height, the Russian's eyes snapped on Doug for a second. Cold, dangerous eyes. Then — click — back on Clint. Slowly, not once breaking eye contact, Sergei stripped. He was mad, a powderkeg, and could barely contain his anger. But something, either fear or desire, was making him do as Clint ordered.

"Let's get the ol' circulation going, Sergei. I want a hundred sit-ups and a hundred push-ups. Now, move it."

For a second, Clint thought Sergei was going to slug him. But he didn't. He got down on the floor and did as he was told without a whimper. Damn, he was a giant of a man, even by bodybuilding standards.

Clint looked over to Doug and smirked when he saw that Doug was glued to Sergei's every move, getting hot and bothered, watching all those muscles in motion. When Sergei hooked his feet under the bed to do his sit-ups, Doug edged over to get a good look at the erect cock between those huge, bronzed thighs. A cock like a fucking howitzer. A long-barreled howitzer just waiting for the word "Fire!"

When he had finished with the joke some people call exercises, Sergei stood in the middle of the room uneasily waiting for his next order. Hell, push-ups are kid's stuff to a man in Sergei's condition.

Like he was a Drill Instructor on some raw recruit's tail, Clint stepped up and leaned in close, real close. "You know the biggest thing I noticed about your posing, Sergei? There was a definite lack of concentration on that platform. Hell, you were more interested in my fucking cock than you were in your own routine. That's wrong, buddy-boy. You can't win contests without concentrating, so, we're going to work on your concentration."

Before Sergei could protect himself, Clint's left hand thrust out lightning-fast and grabbed his dangling nutsac. Sergei winced and stifled a grunt then, like a gunfighter caught in mid-draw by someone faster, cautiously moved his hands away from his crotch, indicating he wasn't about to try anything heroic so long as there was a chance he could lose his balls.

For a long while the two men remained motionless, eyes locked, not saying a word, as Clint mashed the heavy balls in his vice-like grip. They both knew who was boss but, just to make damn sure there'd be no further doubts, Clint applied even more pressure.

Sergei remained absolutely rigid, every muscle in his body tensed and unyielding as he fought to master the pain at his crotch. His mouth quivered, his brow furrowed, sweat poured off his face like rain, but he was damned if he was going to weaken before Clint Magnum!

"Holy shit," whistled Doug. "Maybe he is a machine. Maybe his balls are made of steel."

Pissed, Clint applied still more pressure to the nutsac. Sergei just about moaned, but caught himself again and clamped his mouth shut. "That's right, Sergei, don't you go soft on me. I want you hard. I want that whole body of yours at its peak

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when I finally decide to make use of it because, if it ain't at its peak, I don't want it."

For all his tough words, though, Clint was getting a little worried. What he was doing to those balls would have had most men writhing on the floor in agony. At the very least, screaming and hollering a whole hell of a lot. But not Sergei. Sergei was definitely a breed apart.

Clint sensed that Sergei wanted — needed — to be dominated by a mean fucking sonofabitch. Someone who would go to any lengths to put him in his place, someone to look up to. He was hoping that Clint would be the man to do it and was giving him his chance. But, Clint also sensed that if he didn't break Sergei's inner control and master him soon, the Muscle Machine would turn on him, saying, "Fuck this shit, you ain't man enough for me." And, by the look of that cum-dripping horsedick, if Sergei turned, he was going to do a lot of damage before he left.

Clint gave the balls another hard twist. Again, Sergei grunted but didn't cry out or double over. "I want to see your posing routine, Shithead. I want to see every muscle and striation you got, you hear me? And you're going to act like my hand was no where near your balls. It's not going to bother you one bit."

Without a word, Sergei nodded and started his routine. Real easy, to keep from wrenching his balls any more than they were already. Because of the clamp on his nuts, he concentrated that much harder on each pose, not going on to a new one until every possible muscle had been contracted. Slowed down like that, his routine became fucking mind-boggling. Talk about big muscles under tight control pulling together to present a dynamic, slow-motion bodybuilding ballet!

Doug sat stunned, watching the moving mass of bone, flesh and muscle like he was seeing a bodybuilder for the first time. All he could say over and over again was, "Holy shit. Holy shit. Holy shit."

Coming to the end of his routine, Sergei gave a mighty heave to force air to the bottom of his oxygen-starved lungs. His sweat-drenched body was pumped big as a house and glowed red from the blood surging through his veins. If he was exhausted — and he should have been — he was doing a damn fine job of hiding it. Hell, maybe he was mechanical!

Somewhere along the line, though, Sergei must have decided enough was enough, there would be no more games. Bringing his hand up, he spit a mouthful of juice into it then spread it along the length of his shaft until it glistened sleek and glossy. "I — am — going — to — fuck — you — Clint — Magnum."

Clint quickly glanced at Sergei's dick. Shit, the thing looked mean! He was beginning to feel mighty stupid standing there, holding onto Sergei's balls, thinking he could control him like that. It would be like trying to control a tank with a dog leash.

A shudder ran through the Muscle Machine. Whatever he did, he'd still have to be careful unless he wanted to rip his balls off. Fire burned in his eyes as, slowly, he contracted into a double biceps pose. A beaut, too.

"What the fuck is he up to?" murmured Doug.

Wham! Sergei's forearms swung round and slammed into either side of Clint's head, almost knocking him senseless. Wham! On the second blow, Clint released Sergei's balls and stumbled back, arms flailing, trying to keep the lights on in his head.

For a second, Sergei's attack faltered. The fresh blood flooding his balls had knocked him for a loop, making him dizzy and unsure of himself. Nothing like oxygen-starved balls on a rush to slow a guy down. But then his head cleared and, with surprising speed, he scooped Clint up and wrapped him in a bone-crushing bear hug. Clint was writhing and turning fourteen shades of red but there was no way he could escape.

"Fucking animal!" screamed Doug, jumping off the bed to go to his friend's rescue.

"Get back!"

Too late, Sergei threw Clint against a wall like he was a sack of flour and, before Doug knew it, had the lightweight body-builder in a pro-wrestler's hold known as "the sleeper."

Doug struggled for a while but the lack of oxygen to the brain was putting him under fast. Groggy, just about unconscious, he slumped forward. In one quick move, Sergei spun Doug's 154 pounds around so they were face to face, then picked him up under the butt like he was a little child, spread Doug's ass-cheeks wide open, and dropped him onto

his erect cock!

Doug's eyes popped open in shocked surprise as his bung-hole valiantly stretched to accommodate the torturous battering ram. His body stiffened as more and more of Sergei's cock entered and beat a path to his guts, forcing an agonizing groan from his lips as his only defense against the on-rush of pain.

The falling weight of his own body made Doug take the cock in one continuous movement, right up to the bull balls, with no time to experiment or ease up on the pain. Then, before Doug was ready for more, Sergei started bouncing him up and down on the fuckpole like a jumping jack. Not slow and easy, either. Sergei was mean, fast and cruel. His dick was going to mess Doug up real bad.

Clint recovered enough to know it would be fucking stupid to try and physically break Sergei away from Doug. He'd have to try another way. "Sergei!" No response. "I'm — talking — to — you — Sergei."

With his cock rammed up to the balls in Doug's ass, Sergei stopped his assault and faced Clint. "I'm through dicking around with you, shithead. What's the matter, you can't fuck the heavyweight champ, so you thought you'd fuck the lightweight champ instead?"

Sergei angrily yanked Doug off his fat cock and threw him whimpering on the bed. Spitting more saliva on his cock, he started walking towards his antagonist.

"Shit, the things I get into," groaned Clint. "Okay, Muscle Machine, time to pull your plug. The question is, how?"

Sergei's voice droned on louder as he closed in, arms outstretched, like some reincarnated Frankenstein monster, "I — am — going — to . . ."

Whump! Clint's knee caught Sergei full in the balls. The blond muscled stud stopped dead in his tracks, bug-eyed, his face going from red to white, his mouth moving silently.

"You felt that one, huh? You want another?"

Whump! Doubling over, Sergei cupped his crotch and gave a low, soothering moan.

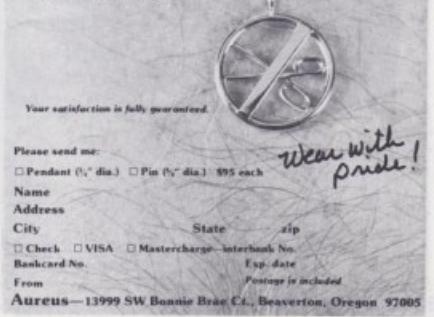
"I guess you are human," snorted Clint. To prove his point, he grabbed Sergei's large tits and mauled them. Mauled them something fierce.

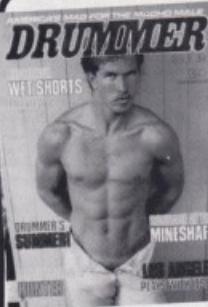
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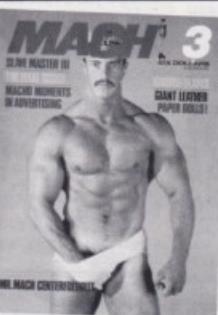
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Unlike the last time, Sergei thrashed about and threw his head around to try and shake off the pain. He sank to his knees like his legs had suddenly turned to rubber, whimpering and blubbering, pleading and begging Clint to let go and stop hurting him. Then the tears started.

Shit, this is fucking disgusting, thought Clint. He had to admit, though, that it was also one hell of a turn-on. One hell of a fucking turn-on!

Sergei was getting off on the trip, too. He found his cock and started beating it and, with his other hand, tugged and mashed his balls. Rough, no quarter given. He was primed and

"Aghhhhhh!" Sergei's howitzer cock opened fire with a barrage of cum, hitting Clint hard on the leg and splashing a gooey mess over the carpet. Buckets of it. He must have been saving the stuff for weeks.

The blond muscledude's body went limp and started falling forward, shaking and quivering as it collapsed, finally ending up in a heap at Clint's feet, chest and face pressed into the sticky mess on the carpet, ass stuck high in the air.

"Now for the icing on the cake," grinned Clint. Getting on his knees behind Sergei's ass, he spit a good gob in the crack, hitting the bunghole dead on, then lubed his dick with more of the same.

His cock slipped into Sergei's waiting hole like the two had been made for each other, a perfect fit. But there was no time for congratulations. Clint's balls wanted action, action right fucking now, and Clint was glad to oblige. In no time, he had a smooth, fast rhythm going, his balls slapping hard against Sergei's butt, and the pressure reaching the danger level in his shaft.

Sergei kept rolling his head and grinding his hips all during the assault, proving he was just as deadly on the receiving end as on the delivery. "Don't stop! Don't stop!" he kept pleading.

"AH!" Clint's cock-plunger detonated the nitro in his balls, rocking his whole body with a gut-wrenching explosion going right off the Richter scale. He was coming so hard, he had to wrap his arms around Sergei's waist and hang on for dear life just to keep from shaking off and thrashing around on the floor by himself.

happy  
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toe sucking  
pig piling  
face fucking  
piss drinking  
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slave swatting  
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Long minutes passed before there was any kind of movement in the room. Finally, moaning low, Doug eased up on one elbow and felt his butt. The way his asshole was throbbing, he knew it'd be a long time before he casually jumped into any driver's seat. Tender was not the word for it. Changing his attention to the battlefield around him, he surveyed the wreckage and said, "Well, well, well. What happened to Sergeant? He's looking mighty tame, compared with a little sullen, non-

C Clint sluggishly patted Sergei's ass and smiled. Thankfully, some feeling was returning to his body. Not much, but enough to make it look like he was in some sort of control. "Oh, he's alright now. I told you all he needed was an overhaul. A tune-up and a good lube job does wonders for any man. Right, Sergei?"

"Yes, Sir."

"So, when do I give you another overhaul?"

Sergei's eyes lit

oon, please, Sir!"

"And when are you going to fuck *me* in the ass?"  
Sergei hung his head and grinned shyly. "I think I must wait until I win the All-Nations Bodybuilding Championships."

Carefully studying Sergei's limp bull cock, the heavy balls and muscular body, Clint rubbed his chin and sighed, "If I can wait that long, stud. If I can wait that long."

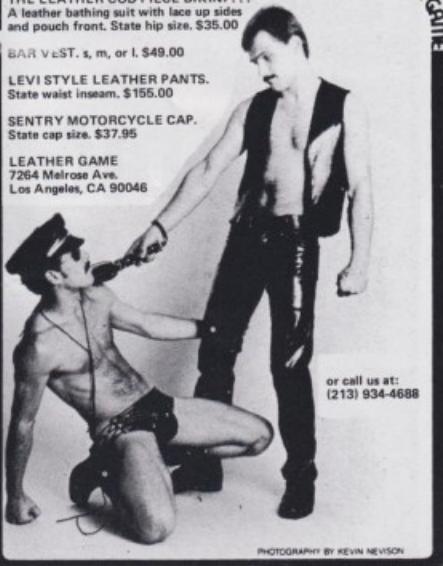
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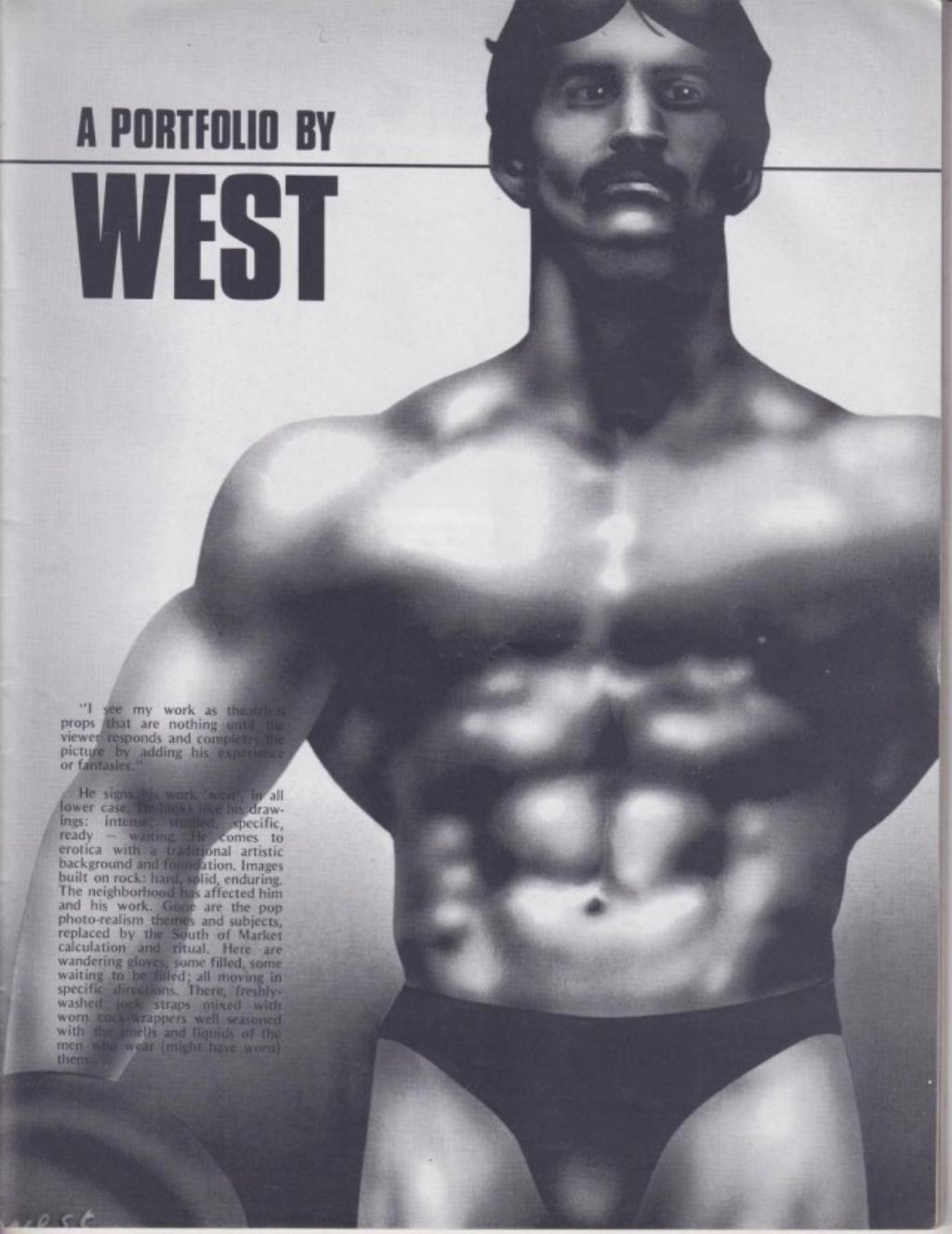
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# A PORTFOLIO BY **WEST**

---

"I see my work as theatrical props that are nothing until the viewer responds and completes the picture by adding his experience or fantasies."

He signs his work 'west', in all lower case, 'in looks like his drawings: intense, stylized, specific, ready - waiting. He comes to erotica with a traditional artistic background and foundation. Images built on rock: hard, solid, enduring. The neighborhood has affected him and his work. Gone are the pop photo-realism themes and subjects, replaced by the South of Market calculation and ritual. Here are wandering gloves, some filled, some waiting to be filled; all moving in specific directions. There, freshly-washed, lock straps mixed with worn cockwrappers well seasoned with the smells and liquids of the men who wear (might have worn) them.





west

When he took the plunge, when he soaked his canvases in SOM oil, things changed and art took on a new meaning. Strutting, conscious but mysterious figures graced the posters of favorite watering places (both the artist's and the mens' favorites). Other men, who had seen the work but were not the work themselves, and other men who could have been the work had the artist and the men crossed paths, began taking the posters home, hanging them up. It had happened to other artists - west comes from a tradition of SOM michaelangelos like Arnett and Rudolph and Rex. Men who missed out on the posters asked for prints, photographs, midnight meetings, anything connected - made the artist sit down, pause for a space in an already filled agenda, and the first litho was born. Then posters and prints turned up in Los Angeles and New York.

This year: a calendar, note cards (not for the kind of notes you pass

in school - notes for men who have already graduated), and a journey into another area. west is working in full-size fiberglass figures wearing leather. This is no overnight sensation, but a long term moulding and bending, a serious application of leather on life-size figures. Don't expect to see them before 1981.

"A suggestive piece becomes too explicit if the viewer is not forced

to complete the scenario. I am producing the foreplay."

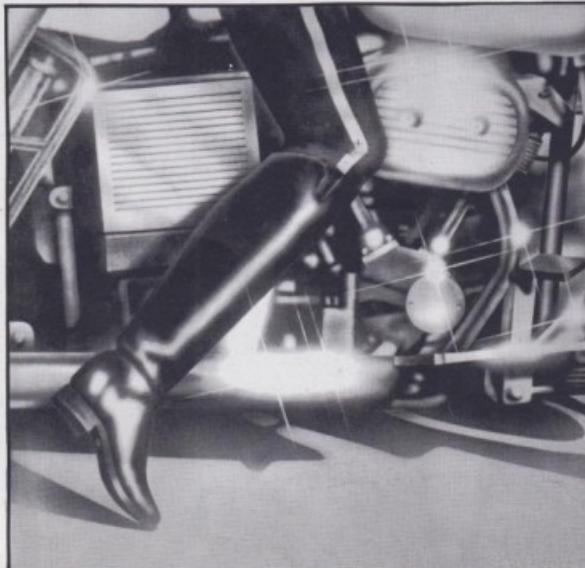
Foreplay: the striking of the match that sparks sexual madness. The uniform seen in transit. The leather-clad ass that appears in the invitation of a shadow. The flash of chrome, west is a master at foreplay - and you have to know he's going to be good at orgasm, too.





"I think it's time we got away from treating our fantasies as novelties, limiting ourselves to communication through cartoons."

No punch-line last panels here, west, lower case letters only, takes the stuff of cartoons and gives them back to the men in the night. But he plays with them a little beforehand.





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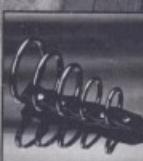
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BOOK  
SECTION

# RUN NO MORE

By  
LARRY  
TOWNSEND



Ken-Wood



*Run No More* is the sequel to an earlier novel by Larry Townsend, *Run Little Leatherboy* — which was one of the first contemporary novels dealing with the evolution of leather and sadomasochism in an individual's life. Because a great deal of the first novel was centered around a style of life based on leather and S&M, the editors of Drummer feel our readers will already be familiar with the large part of the information presented via the plot. We have begun serializing the second novel so that the emphasis can be on Mr. Townsend's expertise at crafting a moving, exciting, sexual narrative.

## PROLOGUE

THE DAMNED FREIGHTER WAS COLD. IT WAS TOSSED about the North Atlantic on mountains of black, icy-looking water. Moist ocean air carried its chill deep into the ship, penetrated my clothes and seeped beneath the cover when I tried to sleep. I was aboard that particular rusty old steamer because I'd gotten my ass in a sling at college and the Old Man had shipped me off to England ... for the second time!

I was still a little overwhelmed at my father's attitude when the pieces began to be unearthed and the full picture of my activities fell into perspective. I didn't know how much he understood or suspected regarding my S&M activities, but it had been his decision to send me back to Uncle Bert . . . back to London, where my mother's younger brother was a member of the most exclusive elite leather club in the world. Dad's parting remark about "doing something well if you must do it" was also a mystifying enigma. Whereas Mother knew what Bert was up to — at least part of it — I was sure my father did not. But my mother also knew that Bert had never gotten himself into trouble as a result of his activities. She may have been accepting the inevitable, hoping for the best and all, when she supported my father's decision, I didn't know. As the ship continued to plunge and buck its way toward Iceland, I began really not to care. I was too cold . . . too cold, and too bored.

At the time of my departure from New York, all the airlines had been grounded by a strike. The first ship leaving for England had been this Swedish tramp steamer, so here I was! Shit! Here I'd be for another couple of weeks. The old sow had scheduled stops at Reykjavik, Galway and Brest before it would finally dock at Southampton. We were hardly past Nova Scotia when I made up my mind to get off at Galway and take the train or whatever the hell you took to travel overland from Ireland to London. Even the prospect of being with Bert again . . . even the anticipation of finally making a scene with him . . . even this was not enough to warm my body against the chill Atlantic.

On an impulse, I decided to go below, all the way down to the engine room. That would surely be one place where the clammy cold would dissipate. I left my cabin and crossed the deck to the proper hatch. I could feel waves of heat rising along the companionway as I descended, and with the rising temperature came the noise . . . the pumping throb of massive pistons, the steady, high-pitched whine of turbines, and above all else the thundering echoes as tons of water crashed against the hull. I pictured myself inside a gigantic drum, a hollow pile of mouldering iron that rose and fell like a helpless toy in some youngster's bathtub.

As I neared the engine room the metal stairs literally became a ladder (all stairs are called "ladders" on a ship, I'd discovered). The air about me was moist with steam instead of the ocean's icy chill, but mingled with the water vapors was smoke — smelly smoke with the typical rotten-egg scent of burning sulphur. It brought visions of hell and Dante, except that the warmth was welcome and I had to concentrate on keeping my balance instead of worrying about the classical comparisons.

A pair of bare-stocked stokers were working at the far end of the room, shoveling coal into the red, glowing maw of a furnace. Black dust clung to their sweating torsos: one, the older man had hard muscle-over-fat that made his body resemble some wrestler you might see on late-night TV. The other was young and well-built, unkempt black hair falling across his face as he bent to his task. Neither had noticed me, and I moved quietly toward one of the wooden captain's chairs that stood about a scarred, grime-encrusted table. I shoved away a couple of cold, half-filled tin coffee mugs and an overflowing metal ashtray. Dirty, noisy, smelly as the place might be, I was warm for the first time in several days.

I watched the men as they worked, feeling a surge of arousal as the muscles flexed along the younger man's back and sides. His arms were magnificent . . . like a weightlifter's, but with more natural symmetry that marked their being the result of genuine labor instead of a programmed development course in a gym. He had probably been slender in his teens; now twenty-five or so, his labors had bulked a heavy layer of solid flesh upon his entire body. As I observed his smooth, unbroken motions my gaze began to blur and my thoughts drifted through the haze of my own mental detachment. I thought again of Bert, of his dark elegance . . . black curly hair, brown eyes. I'd always thought he resembled an Italian actor rather than my preconceptions of an English gentleman. I wondered what he'd look like stripped to the waist, laboring like that stevedore, Bert must have been ten years older than the man I was watching — no workingman, certainly, but his body was also hard and trim.

I thought of the things he'd told me during the short time we were together . . . the letters he'd written later when I was

in Bavaria . . . and after that, when the Old Man had ordered me back to school. *Can't order me around anymore, though, can he? Turned twenty-one two days ago, I'm my own master . . . Was I a master? Not with Bert, I thought, and after that abortive affair I'd had with his houseman, Jim . . . not much of a master then, either. Bert had been testing me, and I failed. That's why he sent me off to Germany to really learn what it's all about . . . in the castle with Alfred and Kurt . . . the old dungeon . . . Come a long way in the interim . . . lots of experience . . . tried it every way it could be done . . . top, bottom and sideways. Will it be enough for Bert? Will he consider me experienced enough that . . .*

"You're Wayne Hoffsteder, aren't you?" said a sharp, deep voice behind me.

I jumped, startled; returned to the present through the expanded time and space of mental wanderings. I spun about to face the second mate. He was standing there grinning at me, hands on his narrow hips, legs spread against the rolling motion of the deck. He wore a thin white shirt and an old-fashioned black bow tie with dangling ends . . . no jacket, just the fitted, black uniform pants that clung to his thighs and outlined his lower body. His tailored shirt, I noted, did the same for his arms and chest. His mouth twisted slightly as I stared up at him. He was Swedish, of course, as blond as I was . . . taller by three or four inches . . . must have been in his late twenties, I thought . . . *long narrow facial features . . . hair already thinning . . . probably be bald by time he's thirty-five, but right now . . .*

I'd noticed him before, the first day in fact. He was a remarkably attractive guy, and unlike so many of his countrymen he had relatively short legs with a long, well-tapered torso. "Passengers aren't supposed to be here, you know," he added at length. I realized he hadn't intended his tone to be accusatory, but he had been forced to shout against the thunderous roar of engines and pounding oceans swells.

"It's the only warm spot on the ship," I told him. My eyes traveled across the front of his body. He must have been scheduled to work down here all day, where he knew he'd be warm. He wasn't wearing an undershirt; the white cloth adhered to his skin in several places where the heat had made him sweat. I couldn't resist letting my gaze fall against his crotch, where a nice rise of masculine potential made me wonder if he'd neglected to wear shorts, as well. He was observing my every gesture, and I wrenched my gaze away, glanced back into his knowing grin — thin lips drawn tightly against white, even teeth. The skin of his face was a ruddy bronze from exposure to sun and wind. He laughed, finally, made a jerking motion with his head. "Come on," he said. "I'll show you a place that's just as warm and a lot more comfortable." Only he'd said "warm" and his sing-song made me think of the castle again, of the Swedish kid we'd strung up in the dungeon, the exquisite thrill . . .

"Here," said the mate. He'd opened a watertight door and stood holding it for me. He glanced over his shoulder at the pair of stokers as I started to move past him. Furtively? Making sure they hadn't seen us together? I wondered, started through the oval doorway just as the deck rose and made my knees buckle. The motion threw me against him and he steadied me, warm fingers closing about my arm as I eased forward into the darkness of the passage. "Straight ahead," he told me. He pulled the metal door closed behind us and spun the wheel to seal it in place. Immediately, the engine noises dropped to a muffled throb, and I couldn't hear the turbine whine at all.

I moved down the corridor, stooping automatically because the ceiling was lined with ribs of steel supports. I wouldn't have hit them, of course; I was too short, though they might have knocked the billed cap off my companion's head.

He directed me into a small compartment off the passage, a storage room that reeked of machine oil and a mixture of spicy smells I could not identify. Several heavy drums were stacked against one bulkhead, bound in place by heavy steel chains. To one side of these, nestled between the stacks of maintenance cargo, was a cluster of ratty furniture and a desk . . . several upholstered chairs with the stuffing coming out along the arms and backs . . . a double-deck cot bolted to the floor in the corner.

"It's my . . . den," said the mate, grinning again as I turned to face him. "You might call it my workroom." Again, the "w" became a "v," and his accent made me smile.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Pettersen," he told me. "Greg Pettersen."

Well, Greg, I thought, it looks like a little thaw in our ice of boredom.

# CHAPTER ONE

THERE WASN'T ANY AIRLINE STRIKE IN IRELAND. Despite the fun and games with Greg, I disembarked as I'd originally planned when the ship docked at Galway. Greg had been fine to help pass a few otherwise wretched hours on the steamer; but he wasn't S&M . . . didn't even want to play at it. I took the first express train I could get to Dublin, and made straight for the airport. I then had a four hour wait before my plane left for London. I'd sent a wire to Bert as soon as I bought my ticket, so when the aircraft set down at Heathrow I was sure he'd be waiting for me. He wasn't.

I stood around outside the customs office for about half an hour, expecting either Bert or Jim would show up. When it began to appear otherwise, I went to a phone booth and called my uncle's number: no answer. This puzzled me, because I knew the household routine well enough to be sure someone should be there. It was barely three in the afternoon . . . a Thursday. Bert might be in his office, but Jim would surely be at home. I tried to remember if Thursday was the maid's day off, but as best as I could recall she took Wednesdays. In any event, the cook should have been there. I had the operator place the call again . . . still no answer.

Slowly, I made my way through the terminal, still hoping I'd encounter my uncle or his manservant. I started to take a taxi, then remembered I didn't have any English money. There's some kind of law against natives accepting foreign currency, and it took another fifteen minutes to get some British pounds. Then it occurred to me I might have missed whoever had come to meet me. I walked all the way back to customs, telling myself that one reason for there being no one home to answer the phone was Jim's being on the way to meet me. It was quarter to five when I finally gave up and took the cab. That put us into the evening rush-hour traffic, so it was getting dark when we reached Bert's home.

I paid the driver, and struggled up the front steps with my bags. No lights shone in the windows. Bert's home was a very fashionable residence, a gray stone townhouse, set a few yards back from the street. It was separated from the sidewalk by a black wrought-iron fence. The place had been remodeled sometime in the thirties, at which point a ramp had been built down one side, leading to a basement parking area. I still had my key to the inner garage entrance, but had never carried a latchkey for the front door. I rang the bell, knowing as I did no one was going to answer. The buzzer echoed through the house . . . twice; and still no one responded.

I jackedassed my pair of suitcases down the steps, back onto the sidewalk, and dragged them along the ramp into the darkness of the parking area. I couldn't be sure, but as I reached the upper end of the incline I thought I detected someone at one of the front windows . . . just the most subtle motion of the drape. But the stone outcropping about the deep-set window severed the view before I'd actually turned toward the opening. *Foolish*, I told myself. *If anybody were home, he'd have answered the door.*

Bert's Jaguar sportscar was parked in its usual place, and beside it was a dusty Austin sedan. He hadn't owned that second car when I'd been there the year before, but I still didn't think to question it. I was already fumbling the chain from my pocket, noting to myself that I still carried a set of keys to my own little car . . . wondering if I'd ever see it again, when the thought struck me: *If both Bert and Jim are out, what's the car doing here? Both cars?* More puzzled than apprehensive, I opened the inner door, flicked on the light, shoved my bags inside, and started up the stairs to the main

floor.

The door at the upper end opened onto the main corridor, just in front of the servants' quarters, but behind the wide staircase that led to the second level. As my fingers closed on the knob, I felt the first stir of concern. *Something's wrong!* But it was a vague, illogical impression. I stepped through into the darkness of the hall and groped my way toward the front, trying to remember where the light switch was. I couldn't find it on the first pass, and had started to backtrack, feeling along the wall, when I noticed a crack of light under the door to the kitchen and unused maids' rooms.

Just then my fingers touched the switch. I turned the lights on and I called: "Jim? Bert? Anybody home?"

There was an immediate bump and a scraping sound from the rear of the house. A door closed somewhere in back, and a couple of heartbeats later the panel leading to the service area was thrown open. I jumped — momentarily startled by the unexpected appearance of a complete stranger! But he must have been as surprised as I was; even if it had been him at the window a few moments before, he must have thought I had no way to get in . . . had been unable to see me when I turned down the ramp.

"Who . . . are you?" he asked, getting the words out about two seconds before I asked the same question.

"I'm Wayne Hoffsteder," I said. "Mr. Forham's nephew." I had said "Mr. Forham" instead of "Bert," unconsciously acknowledging the man as something other than a friend of my uncle's. He was dressed in a dark-colored suit — very well dressed, actually — a big guy . . . handsome in a rugged, unpolished way. But I had detected the cockney in just the three words he'd spoken, and I had responded to this, as well as to his close-cropped, dark blond hair . . . definitely not the style I'd come to expect on any of Bert's cronies. The man was probably in his early twenties, and I remembered hearing people talk about "skinheads" the last time I'd been in London. This guy seemed to meet all the criteria. "What are you doing in my uncle's house?" I added at length.

"I . . . I'm Charles — Charlie," he replied uneasily. "I'm . . . lookin' after the place in your Uncle Bertie's absence. I . . . just came in the back way."

"What about Jim?"

"Jim? Oh, Jim! E's with your Uncle Bertie in Bavaria." Charles paused then, seeming to hold himself in readiness for some argument. At least, that was how I assessed his behavior in retrospect. At the moment I was confused, but I didn't really doubt him. I ascribed his uncertainty to the fact that he was probably as startled by my unexpected appearance as I had been by his. Besides, his almost comic opera cockney made me want to laugh. I accepted his explanation at face value; as yet there was no reason to doubt him. Besides, he was a big groovy number, and that lent an additional element of credibility to his assertions. He was exactly the type my uncle would have found attractive. So did I; already a few earthy thoughts were passing through my mind.

"Did my uncle leave any message . . . instructions for me?" I asked.

"Only to expect you and make you comfortable when you got 'ere," he replied quickly. He forced a smile, extended a massive, work-calloused hand. "Just call me 'Charlie,'" he added brightly.

The huge paw absorbed mine, bringing a further flush of interest to my face and loins as I continued my mental evaluation of his sexual potential. "Am I supposed to use the same room?" I asked.

"The same . . . ?"

"The same room I had last time I was here."

"Oh, yes . . . sure," said Charlie. He looked about quickly.

"Your baggage . . . ?"

"I left it at the foot of the stairs," I said. I still wasn't sure if Charlie was supposed to be a servant, who would fetch my bags, or if I should go down with him and help carry the heavy pair of suitcases. He solved the problem by telling me to "go on up." He'd bring my things.

Because I had been awake for close to twenty hours, I took a quick shower, wrapped a towel around my waist, and flopped across the bed to rest. I only meant to relax for a few minutes, especially as I'd now had time to formulate a number of questions. If Bert were in Bavaria, he was probably staying with Alfred, the old man who worked as caretaker of

the castle. But, as a tourist attraction, the old place would now be closed for the winter. I couldn't imagine why Bert should have gone there at this particular time of year. I couldn't phone him, because the nearest instrument was in the village, a good three miles down the mountain from Alfred's cottage. I could send a wire, though, and I was trying to figure out a witty phrasing for my message when I fell asleep. It must have been about seven o'clock.

Fog had completely obliterated the windows when I came to. I had no idea what time it was. My watch was on the chiffonier across the room, and the bedside clock wasn't working. Though I was still groggy with sleep, I realized something had awakened me. The slamming of a door? I wasn't sure. I listened for a moment, and at first the house seemed completely still. Then I heard a deep rumbling murmur of voices . . . several men speaking together. The sound seemed to come from the front hall. I struggled to make my muscles respond, managed a sitting position as loud, clumping footsteps reverberated through the lower hall and started up the stairs. Strange, I thought, the house never echoed like this before . . . too many paintings on the walls . . . furniture . . . Furniture! It dawned on me right then. There had been two tables and a couple of antique chairs in the lower hall the last time I was here. They had been gone when I passed through on the way to my room!

Whatever doubts might have formed in my mind never had a chance to germinate. The heavy footfalls reached the upper landing and moved directly to my threshold. Without bothering to knock Charlie opened the door. Behind him were two other men, both young, both skinheads like himself, except they were dressed in jeans and workshirts. "Pretty Boy's awake," said one of them. His tone was derisive and the expressions on the trio of faces made me shudder. Charlie's previously respectful demeanor was gone. In its place was a sneering poise that left no room for further doubt. He and his companions were intruders . . . burglars, or worse!

"What are you guys up to?" I demanded.

"Cocky little bastard, ain't he?" muttered one of the men;

"Let's tyke 'im downstairs and teach 'im some manners," Charlie suggested. He started toward me, the other two directly behind him. I was scared, but I also felt a bolt of indignant rage.

"What'sa matter? Couldn't you handle me by yourself?" I asked. I slid off the bed and stood facing them, half crouched, wondering how I was going to get out of there . . . feeling trapped and helpless, though starting to see things through a red curtain of anger. Charlie lunged at me, but I managed to sidestep him. I might actually have squirmed away had one of his companions not leaped forward and grabbed me.

I struck out at them, my bare feet connecting several times as I was borne to the floor by their combined weight. I was on my back, one arm held immobile against the rug, while the other hammered at whatever came in range. But it was a losing battle from the start. A fist slammed against the side of my head; another impacted against my solar plexus, knocking the wind out of me. About that point, a knee wedged itself into my groin, grinding my balls against the underside of my body. Oh, did that smart! I was dazed from the blow to my skull, writhing in agony and momentarily unable to breathe. When they dragged me to my feet I wouldn't have been able to stand if two of them hadn't been holding me up. I had just managed to fill my lungs with air when Charlie slammed his fist into my gut again, making me double over. The towel had long since fallen off me, and I hung between the pair of skinheads, naked and powerless to make any further resistance.

Without a word of explanation, they started force-walking me toward the door. They were laughing and talking together in their Limehouse slang, discussing me as if I were an animal incapable of understanding them. Frightened and confused as I was, a fresh wave of horror coursed my veins as a sudden thought penetrated the pain and chaotic sense of panic. *Bert! What of Bert!* "Bert . . . Mr. Forham . . ." I muttered.

They laughed again and Charlie clapped his hand against my naked butt. "E's next, eh boys?"

They hustled me down the staircase and along the hall to the servants' quarters. The entrance to Bert's blackroom — always secured and locked under normal circumstances — stood open. When they dragged me to the door, I tried to wrench free; it was my final opportunity to put up a struggle,

and it was very short-lived. Charlie's companions had hold of either arm, and they never let go until they succeeded in pitching me into the room with a force that landed me on my knees. Before I could get up they were on me again . . . this time spinning me about, throwing me down on my back atop Bert's black, leather-covered rack. My wrists were yanked down, held against the table legs and quickly strapped in place. My feet were seized a moment later and chained to the pair of padded two-by-fours that jutted out at the lower end. The rack had been built to provide maximum access to the M; I could feel my ass poking out through the opening, which gave me the sensation of being about to fall through. Unconsciously, I tried to shift my weight as the skinheads began to wrap an extra set of leather bands about my lower thighs, securing them more firmly to the pair of struts. The table (or rack) was solid from my waist up, and extended several inches above my head.

When I was finally strapped down so tightly that I could move nothing but my head, the skinheads stepped back . . . at which point I realized I was not the only prisoner. The sole light in the room was a red globe in the ceiling. By now my eyes had grown accustomed to it, and I was able to make out a second, naked form, suspended from a collection of chains in one of the back corners. Black leather straps had been set around his wrists, lifting his arms high above his head. He appeared to be unconscious, his chin resting on his chest. I could not see his face, but I was sure it had to be Jim . . . hard, muscular little body . . . löngh black hair.

Maybe it was the first stirrings of adulthood; I'm not really sure, but the sight of Jim in his present predicament made me momentarily forget my own. "What have you done to him?" I shouted. My fellow captive hadn't moved, and I was afraid he might be dead. The skinheads only chuckled and muttered among themselves. But my voice must have penetrated some inner recess in Jim's consciousness. He stirred and seemed to shudder, groaning softly as he lifted his head. He looked awful! A big splotch of dried blood covered most of his chin, and his right eye was swollen shut. As I continued to stare at him, I could see that his body was a patchwork of bruises and lacerations. He tried to say something, but his puffy lips refused to form the words.

"You mother-fuckin' sons'a bitches!" I shouted. I threw myself back and forth, rocking the rack as I yanked and tugged to rip my wrists free of the leather restraints. I was so out of it, I didn't even see Charlie approach me. The first I realized he was there was when a sharp, painful blow landed against my belly. I dropped back against the padded surface, and the bastard hit me again. He was using a riding crop, a short braided leather whip with a spring steel core.

"You do need a lesson!" he muttered. He kept hitting me, snapping the crop against my belly, up to my chest, across the upper thighs. A couple of times the little loop of leather at the tip struck my balls, and try as I would not to give him the satisfaction, I couldn't help screaming at him, crying out in pain and rage . . . finally begging him to stop. I was bleeding before he had finished, and my stomach was so sore, each stroke was like a searing cut from a blade. In my disordered mental state, I thought back to the time in boarding school when we'd given a guy a pink-belly. One kid had worked on his midsection with the bristles of a hairbrush, while half a dozen of us held him down. But this went far beyond any childhood hazing. Charlie's pair of fellow skinheads lounged in the doorway, smoking cigarettes and watching in silence while their buddy worked me over.

When Charlie had finally satisfied himself, he turned away, jerked his head in my direction and asked the others if they wanted to take over. "We got other things ter do," said one. Charlie turned back to me, then, standing in the opening at the foot of the rack. My feet were held in place to either side of him. He'd taken a short butt of cigarette from one of his friends, and now drew on it, making the tip glow brightly in the semi-darkness. With no warning, he nonchalantly ground it out against my skin, pressing the red-hot ember into the upper surface of my leg, just to the left of my groin. I must have been numbed by his previous abuse, because it took a second for the pain to register. When it did, I couldn't hold back the scream of anguish. Almost convulsively, I bucked against the restraints, hurled myself back and forth, hysteria commanding my frenzied, futile efforts to break free.

Charlie sneered at me, left the stub of cigarette clinging

against my skin. He grabbed my balls and gave them a vicious twist. "Next time, you get it here!" he snarled. "Come on," he said to the others. They trooped out, slamming the door shut behind them.

After that I heard an occasional thump or grating sound as heavy pieces of furniture were shoved about. The bastards were ransacking the house; that much was obvious. I twisted my head around, trying to see if Jim was conscious or not. At first he didn't seem to be, but when I called to him he slowly lifted his face. "I'm sorry," he managed to say. The words were slurred, his speech thickened by swollen membranes.

"How long have they . . . they had you like that?" I asked.  
"I dunno," he mumbled, ". . . days . . . dunno . . . ever since Bert left."

"Who are they?"

Jim shook his head, gazing at me with his one good eye. "Can you get loose?" he asked helplessly.

"Not hardly," I answered. I made as if to pull again on my bonds, but never completed the motion. It was useless. The full horror of *me* — *of our* — situation was gradually displacing the paralysis of shock and surprise — logical cognition moving in to replace the receding fingers of pain, "I don't understand what's happened . . . or why." The muscles of my neck and upper back began to tremble from the effort of twisting about to see Jim. I let my head return to a more natural position, staring at the black-painted ceiling. "I mean, are they just burglars, or what?"

"I don't know," Jim rasped. His voice seemed clearer for a moment, but whatever effort the production had cost must have been too much. He immediately lapsed back into his former muttered slur. "I took Bert . . . to the airport . . . in the morning . . . two days . . . three . . . Tuesday, I came back and they were here."

"What about the servants?"

"Never saw 'em . . . dunno . . . musta sent 'em off . . . maid's holiday, anyway . . ."

The whole situation seemed so hopeless . . . so impossible! I tried to think, but fear was building to a point where I wasn't being rational. I kept imagining the farfetched possibilities of rescue . . . police coming to check the doors or some neighbor guessing that something was wrong and calling them. "Does . . . I mean, is anyone apt to come by? Did you have a date or anything?" I asked.

"No, My Fault," Jim answered. His voice seemed to be coming out of a well, and I stretched around to look at him again. There was a trickle of blood running from the corner of his mouth; pain seemed to grip his body in spasms that made his belly curve in upon itself. "Charlie . . ." he gasped; ". . . brought him here . . . month ago . . . brought him for Bert . . ." His head dropped back onto his chest. He was resting . . . or unconscious. I couldn't tell which. I wondered how long he'd been strung up the way he was . . . whether he'd been given any food or water since Tuesday. *Tuesday . . . two days, almost three . . . How long can a man go without water?* There was a loud crash from the front of the house, which startled me and impelled me into a renewed struggle to free myself.

After a while I tried to question Jim further, but he didn't answer me. I was sure he must be badly hurt, and I'd convinced myself he was surely going to die if he was forced to stay as he was much longer. It must have been three or four hours that I was left there, unable to evoke a response from Jim, bound naked on the rack . . . unable to communicate with anyone. My thoughts ran the full gamut . . . fear, anger, despair . . . finally a more ordered decision to bide my time and wait. What else could I do? The skinheads were apparently ransacking the house in a completely methodical manner. I wondered if they were carting off the larger pieces of furniture . . . if they might be using a truck which would attract attention . . . possibly bring the authorities to investigate?

There had been a long period of silence, everything so still I wondered if the intruders could have left. Then a door banged somewhere, probably in the subterranean parking area, because I also thought I heard an engine starting up. For several minutes there was nothing more, until the door of the blackroom was opened. I looked across the length of my body, where small patches of blood had dried into crusty scabs, black-looking in the deep red glow from the ceiling light.

Charlie stood in the doorway, grinning at me. He'd taken off his tie and jacket, unbuttoned his shirt to the waist, exposing the deep blond belt on his chest.

"The boys won't be back for a while," he said in a soft, taunting tone. "Thought I'd pass the time down 'ere." He lumbered forward, stopping by my feet. The rough surface of his hands felt surprisingly warm against my toes. He stroked them for several minutes, then absentlly let his hand work higher to graze my ankle . . . onto the shin.

"Do something for Jim," I said evenly.

Charlie snorted, a cross between a laugh and the sound you might make blowing your nose.

"Do you want him to die?" I demanded. "How long have you had him there, without even water?"

The skinhead brushed past me and lifted Jim's head, folded back an eyelid. He grunted, maybe muttered a few words, I couldn't understand them, if he did. But he worked the winch and lowered Jim's body to the floor. He was hunkered down below the level of the rack, so I couldn't see what he was doing. But I could hear him work the snaps as he secured his prisoner into a different position. "Get him some water," I insisted.

Charlie stood up slowly, keeping his back to me. I heard Jim groan, this followed by the clink of metal. "Water," muttered Charlie. He laughed softly, standing over Jim for several seconds. "Ere's yer water," he said, and I could hear the splash of his piss, the gagging sputter as it flooded Jim's mouth and nostrils.

"You bastard!" I yelled. "You fuckin' lousy —!"

Charlie turned on me, backhanded me hard across the face. "You'd do better ter start worryin' about yourself!" he grumbled. He turned back to finish relieving himself. He'd struck me hard enough to make me see flashing lights and colors. I may even have been out for a few seconds, because the next I knew he'd peeled off his shirt and was starting to undo his buckle. From his previous joshing with his friends, I had assumed none of them really dug the scene. At least, they'd been making fun of Jim and Bert for their S&M practices, and one of the others had said something about "leaving the fairies in their own cage." But Jim had brought Charlie into the house . . . as a trick . . . hustler, maybe. Whatever Charlie's story, he apparently played enough to allay any doubts when he'd been here before; and now he was getting ready to make some use of me! I was still trying to make some sense out of everything, when Charlie moved out of view. He stood behind, or above, me, doing something to the rack. My feet suddenly fell as he worked the lever to lower that end. I was now strapped to a surface which canted upward at a forty-five degree angle.

I never knew if Charlie meant for the suspense to build within me as it did, but I was twisting against my bonds, trying to see what was going on behind me before he gave me any clue. I was only able to catch an occasional glimpse of flesh at the edge of my vision . . . blurred and indistinct, barely visible in the deep red glow from the ceiling. All of a sudden, sharp pain forced me to bolt upward from the surface, arching my body to pull my ass away from some source of burning misery. At first I wasn't sure what he'd done — only that he'd applied something to one cheek of my ass. It was stinging me, now, as the initial pain subsided. gingerly, I settled back when I could no longer maintain the high-arched posture. Almost immediately, it happened again . . . and again. I was crying, screaming as I had before, shouting for him to stop. My terror grew even worse as it began to dawn on me that he was driving pins through the skin of my buttocks . . . weaving them in and out, making a pattern like a seamstress baiting a hem.

I have no idea what I said, and I can't remember exactly how long Charlie kept it up. I had worked myself into such a frenzied panic, I'd lost all sense of logic or reason. On top of blind, unreasoning fear, the pain was overwhelming everything else. Sobbing, formless protests bubbled from my lips with nonstop control.

He stopped as suddenly as he'd started, and I could sense rather than see him rising to his feet. Another moment, and his great caloused palm grasped my chin, pulled my head back as he shoved an inhaler into one nostril. I recognized the smell of amyl nitric and tried to turn my face away. I couldn't. Searing fumes penetrated my nasal passages and seeped up-

(Continued on page 84)

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The above "Number One Man" poster is available on 23 by 28 inch slick poster stock with or without the Arena logo as follows: with the logo \$8 including postage and handling; without the logo, signed and numbered by the artist, limited edition of 100 copies for \$25 including postage and handling. California residents add 6% sales tax. Send money order to: "Number One Man," c/o The Arena of San Francisco, 399 9th St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

# LEATHER IN STOCKHOLM



Stockholm, the capital of Sweden — the legendary land of blond hunk and extraordinary pornography, has 6 bars, 2 restaurants, 5 bathhouses, 2 porn cinemas, a gay hotel, 8 outdoor cruising areas, 3 stellar gay bookstores, 5 gay organizations (ranging from liberation to the infamous SLM), and an active, friendly, well-respected leather community. In fact, if you like European-style domination and subjugation, Swedes are alleged to be the best.

Stockholm is a small city in a small

country. You can travel across the city in no time at all, and go from one end of the country to the other in a matter of hours by car. But its location in the Scandinavian complex of countries make it a natural 'heart of the action.' Rivaled only by Amsterdam, Stockholm is one of the big four leather cities in Western Europe.

Except for the fact that a different language is spoken, Stockholm is a very easy city for Americans. In fact, enough English is spoken here to negate the

necessity of learning very much Swedish. Other languages are common in most European capitals, so you'll hear a variety of tongues.

Unless you stay with a friend, check out the Karivist Hotel at 23 Engelbrekts-gatan. It is a gay owned and operated hotel/pension where leather is definitely welcome, and is close to one of the major parks in Stockholm, Humlegården — which you'll also want to walk through on a quiet evening around midnight.

There are no real gay ghettos like in



the states in Stockholm, although three streets that run alongside each other are extraordinary cruising areas, given the fact that they are filled with bookstores and gay cinemas. The streets are Klara Norra Kyrko, Gatan, and Gamla Brogatan. Everyone knows where they are.

Stockholm and the immediate area has a number of nude beaches, most notably the beach at Brunnsviken, Langholmsparken, and Svardsgo Beach. All are easy to get to, although the last requires a 30 minute walk after you get off the train.

The best guides to Stockholm are unquestionably the members of SLM Stockholm (Scandinavian Leather Men). SLM is the host of the annual Baltic Battle leather meet (this year's was held for 3 days in June in the city), where leather men from all over the world gather to take care of club business, party, make new friends, enjoy special events, get down, get it on, and get off. The SLM will gladly send you informa-





get his ass beat. But they're learning from American visitors, and from visiting our leather capitals. Given how rapidly things change, by the time you read this it will be customary to grab hot leather studs off the plane when they arrive and ask questions later.

S&M in Sweden is as hot as S&M here. There is still the same unequal ratio of tops to bottoms, but European leathermen tend to be more versatile. It may be the right night that turns a usually passive bootlicker into a tough whip-cracking taskmaster.

There are no laws against homosexuality in Sweden, and the country has a political left and progressive structure. The police are police, but hassles are limited to gross public displays of misconduct. Since prostitution is legal in

Sweden, the police take a different view of victimless crimes. Drug use, however, is very much a no-no, so don't make the mistake Billy Hayes did in Turkey. You might get offered cheap drugs anywhere. Forget any fantasies about bringing them into the states and making it into the big time as an uptown dealer. It doesn't happen that way, except in the movies.

Tourists enjoy some special benefits traveling in Sweden including transportation passes that are good on all city lines for three days for a nominal charge; American-style lunches and dinners in restaurants that use Swedish dishes in a manner understandable and common to western tastes; and any number of other things. A letter or trip to a Swedish tourist office or agency can answer a lot of questions.

tion about their club, including information about their club house in Stockholm and its hours; answer your questions about leather life in the city, and steer you in the right direction when you visit their city. Their mailing address is: SLM Stockholm, Box 9239, S-102, 73 Stockholm, Sweden.

Another organization, the RFSL, is the host for the annual Gay Pride Week held in Stockholm in August of every year. The organization can provide you with information about what events and activities are planned for the coming year (but contact them no earlier than May) and keep you up to date on new gay clubs and accommodations. RFSL, Box 15148, S-10465 Stockholm, Sweden.

You'll also see the publications by Revolt Press in all the gay bookstores in Stockholm. In Europe, Revolt is the big name in leather and S&M. Their two publications, *Mr. S&M* and *Toy* dominate the leather scene. Sweden has no laws on pornography, but getting copies back in the States can sometimes be a problem. If you see some of the hot, serious, hard-on action they publish, however, you'll probably try.

Leather in Stockholm is like leather anywhere. Men get suited out in super shiny black boots, chaps, vests and jackets — and they mean it. The big difference is that sex with Europeans does differ. Swedes are just getting to the point where they can walk up to a hot dude and outright ask him if he wants to



# MEMBERS ONLY: A GUIDE TO SPECIFIC ORGANIZATIONS

Alvin Toffler, in his culture-exploding book, *Future Shock*, futurized that some day soon there would be a newspaper for every neighborhood, a television program for every special interest group, and an organization for anything. What constitutes anything, for Toffler, is very literal. His example was a daily newspaper for transvestites. Had he waited a few years to write his prophetic book, he might have included magazines for drug users, or a newsletter for black men who sexually prefer white men (and vice versa), or a roster of piss drinkers and shit eaters. The present, Toffler's future, has become even more specific than was first imagined.

It's no false claim that gays have been at the vanguard of sexual crystallization. Sexually the most attuned of the species, gays have explored and formulated specific sexuality to a fine art. So what will be discussed and reviewed here is a cross section of specific sexuality and sexually specific organizations. Some are old; some are new; some have grown out of others; some publish newsletters; some meet with regularity; some are very closed — and others are easy to join. Rather than fragmenting a sub-cultural group (as do politics and religion), the specific organizations involved only cater to a fraction of the total person, the sexuality. Also, only eight organizations will be included in the first part, for variety; and no value judgements or endorsements are intended.



## THE RACE BARRIER

BWMT (Black and White Men Together) was formed in San Francisco and is already a national organization with chapters in every major American city. It is mainly a support group for interracial couples and black gay men, with work being done in political, media, and business areas. BWMT is not a pure sexual

contact organization, but are included here because of their unique position in the gay community to bring black and white men together. Their city-chapters publish individual newsletters and hold local meetings. The San Francisco (home) chapter publishes an 18-page monthly newsletter with about 6 pages of personal ads. Again, contact is the primary focus of this organization, although it is intended solely for gay men.



## YOUNGER THAN SPRINGTIME

The Holiday Bulletin is another older timer, in existence since 1971. It is geared towards men over 40 and those who would prefer to meet men over that age. The Bulletin is correspondence-oriented, and publishes irregularly. Each Bulletin contains 100 coded ads, and a forwarding fee is charged. The organization also publishes guidebooks to cruising, a tract on age experiences, and a how-to book on 'expert French lessons.' The Bulletin holds no meetings.

## S&M THEN AND NOW

One of the oldest groups publishing a newsletter is SMADS (S&M ads) in New York. Marshall Loeb started the limited-circulation newsletter eight years ago, when personal advertising contact was limited to a smattering in the old *Advocate* and fewer brave ads in *Screw*. Since Loeb was himself into S&M, and a great believer in making contact through classified advertising, he launched his specific newsletter as a monthly and began advertising it in the two available outlets. It was, during that time, the most upfront collection of sexuality available. Every



specific sexual desire, from basic S&M to scat and water sports, heavy bondage to shaving and piercing appeared in its pages. Along with drawings, some chat, and a coded remailing service, all the ads in SMADS are coded, and a remailing fee is charged. Currently the newsletter is bi-monthly and costs \$2.50 per issue, it runs about 28 pages and has begun publishing a series of articles by the author of *Mr. Benson*. SMADS is strictly correspondence orientated.



## BOOTS AND/OR SOCKS

The Foot Fraternity is much younger. Organized by an extraordinarily hand-

some man who was tired of the limited access available to people with a sexual proclivity that was centered around footwear, the Foot Fraternity has already grown to include over 200 worldwide members. And that since January of this year. While the foundation for the Foot Fraternity rests on shoes and foot gear, its members include men interested in specific clothing and a variety of related objects. The organization also publishes a newsletter, usually 32 pages, on a bi-monthly schedule, with coded and non-coded ads, reader's letters, fiction, information articles, and true experiences. "I knew how difficult it was for people interested in footwear to meet each other, including myself, so I started the group," says organizer Art.

The Foot Fraternity has a membership fee that includes the newsletter. An annual gathering is planned for the near future.



#### WET TISSUE

Probably the fastest growing specific organization has to be The Toilet, started in late 1978 with 15 members and now publishing a roster of over 300 after a year and a half. The bulk of the members are from the West Coast, and The Toilet, unlike some of the other organizations, already faced the fact that some of its members would be coming from organizations that catered to their specific desires in part or whole. The thing that seems to make The Toilet work well is that almost all of the members list their phone numbers in the member's roster. A good deal of immediate contact is available, since even the time spent sending a letter is reduced.

The Toilet caters mainly to water sports and scat oriented men; however, as is true with all the organizations mentioned, there is some spill-over into other specific areas: jock straps, some S&M, verbal abuse, public humiliation, etc. The Toilet organizer, John Hole, says the

membership listings are updated daily, and each new roster sent to members is 100% accurate. That's because a new member receives a main roster of members and an update sheet is sent out routinely. The member keeps his basic roster up to date.

The Toilet also provides remail service and address listing. The current roster, representing the current membership, runs about 16 pages of very small type. The Toilet has a basic membership fee and updating dues, it is strictly a clearinghouse, and holds no meetings or conventions.

#### INTERNATIONAL STUD

Interchain is an international contact organization with offices in New York, Switzerland and Holland. Membership includes a club T-Shirt and very personalized contact service. The organization caters to S&M and related interests and publishes four rosters a year. Care is taken that members are made aware of each other when international interests/contacts are desirable. Hosting arrangements (mutually) are encouraged. Information about specific member countries is available. Bulletin ads are coded for identity and sexual specifics, therefore illegible without a decoder, which is only available to members. The organization has almost 1000 worldwide members. Translation service is available to members.



#### BARTERING

The Slave Trader concerns itself only with S&M orientated activities. Membership includes a listing in their newsletter, and remailing service (there is a fee for answering ads charged to non-members). All ads are coded, the newsletter runs about 10 pages, with some photos. Another strictly correspondence club with no meetings or gatherings. Membership is national, a few foreign listings.

lbs., 8" uncut, experienced Master or slave with cabin in the mountains for outdoor scenes. Have had excellent training in both roles. Am gentle but firm, respect limits. Not into excessive pain or force. Prefer the experienced.

**ARIZONA STUD TRAVELS** for hot scenes. 5' 10" black/brown hair, uncut, hung, w/m, 30's. 165 lbs. Topmen to mate out heavy punishment, metomatoys and C/B/T as well as other weird trips, including deep FF at your individual desires prescriptions will even apply. Reply with phone, please. Dig hot, sweaty man action used beer, raunchy cock.

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**NORWALK** S looking for 18-30 who is willing to serve. You can take what I dish out. I am 23, 5'8", 125 lbs.

#### OUR CROWD

We couldn't resist including ourselves. The Leather Fraternity is the brother organization of which Drummer was originally its member publication. Currently the Leather Fraternity has over 500 active members. Members automatically receive Drummer subscriptions with their membership, and a complimentary ad listing, either coded or non-coded, for the term of their membership. Membership card allows entry to The Drummer Club in San Francisco, and members automatically receive invitations to all Drummer events. Added member-only benefits include a discount card for all purchases at The Studstore in San Francisco, and special invitations to selected events throughout the country hosted by other organizations and businesses. Membership is yearly. Forwarding service is provided for members, fee charged to non-members.

#### SOURCES:

*The Leather Fraternity/The Drummer Club, 1500 Folsom, San Francisco, CA 94103.*

*Interchain, Box 410, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011. (USA Office), Slave Trader, Box 253, Naperville, IL 60540.*

*Holiday Bulletin, Box 1208, Minneapolis, MN 55440.*

*The Toilet. (Write to: John Hole, 433 Douglas Street, San Francisco, CA 94114).*

*Black & White Men Together (Write to: BWMT, 279 Collingwood, San Francisco, CA 94114).*

*SMADS, Box 712, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10013.*

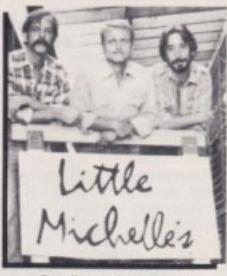
*Foot Fraternity, Box 3385, San Francisco, CA 94117.*

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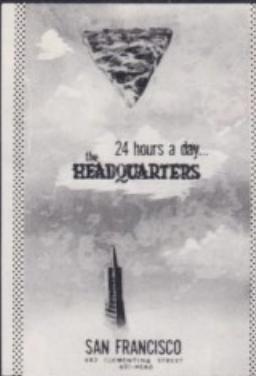
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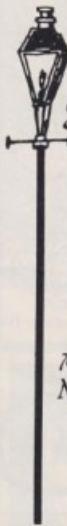
"No, I'm not into rubber particularly the building's on fire."

## DRUMSTICKS



"Looks like the doctor got dressed in a hurry tonight!"

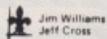
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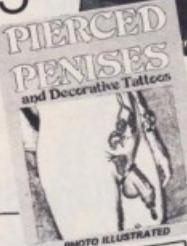
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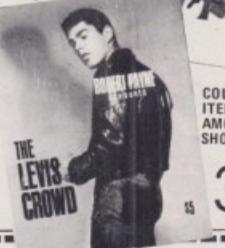
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FOR THE USE  
OF YER ASS!"

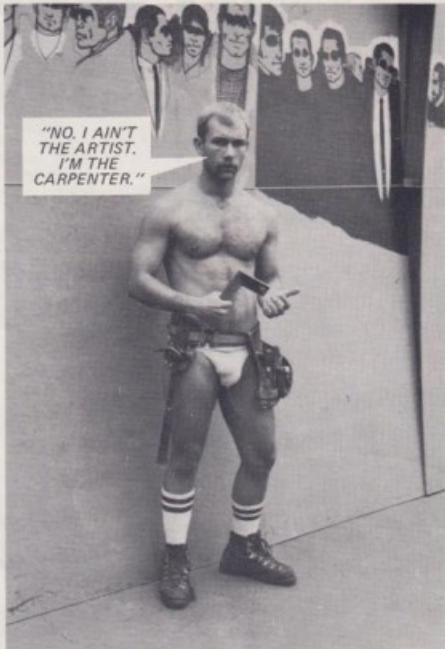
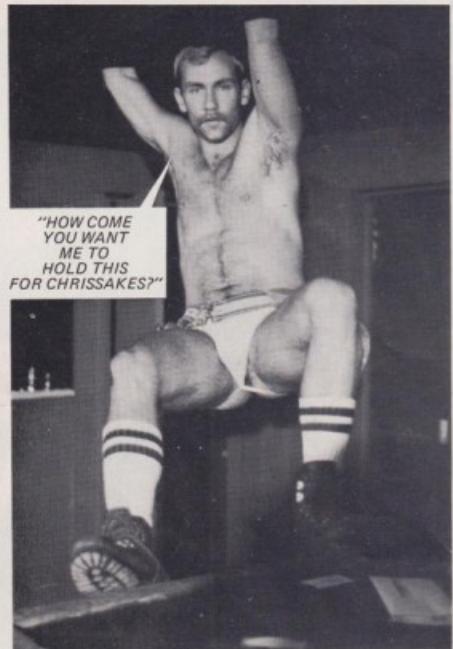
"WHAT THE  
FUCK..."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TERRY

DIALOGUE BY ROBERT PAYNE

It seemed like a good idea at the time. DRUMMER has been packing houses from coast to coast with the DRUMMER parties. How about packing our own? Glorioski! What a neat idea. A DRUMMER Club of our very own! The prospect sounded more exciting than anything since the time we built the tree-house club-house as kids and jerked off to tattered copies of *Boy's Life*. Ah, our hearts were young and Gay.

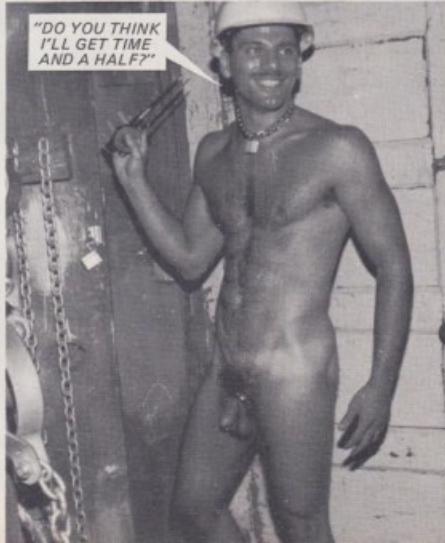
# TIRELESS, DEDICATED, HARDWORKERS ALL...



## WHATTHEFUCK IS THE LEATHER FRATERNITY?!

So along came the prospect of taking over the neglected Plunge south of Market in S\*A\*N F\*R\*A\*N\*C\*S\*C\*C\*O which had been the Covered Wagon, The Leatherneck, Dirty Sally's, The Stables and The Plunge and showed the battle scars. DRUMMER supplied the paint and the money but where would the manpower come from? Like the miracle of the Loaves and the Fishes came a line of DRUMMER Devotees seeking to help and/or employment. Three crews of workmen have come and gone before we found the dedication we sought. As the new DRUMMER Club neared completion, photographer Terry of San Francisco came over to record the before, if not the after. These pages of photographs are his results, with a couple of exceptions which are the work of Dave Sands and Jim Moss. The dialogue is ours, since what was actually being said doesn't really look good in a magazine with the sensitivity of the readers of DRUMMER.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All play and no work results in very few results. Somewhere between the two is truth and somewhere between the hunky young fellows who stripped down and strapped on their leather carpenter's aprons around those pulsating jock straps. Oh, there was some goofing off here and there. The magazines being installed in the Studstore next to the pool were tempting as was the pool itself. A bit of grabassing is healthy among growing boys and there was a lot of shower-taking. Fortunately the refrigeration and the beer hadn't been installed so whatever went on was done relatively cold-sober.



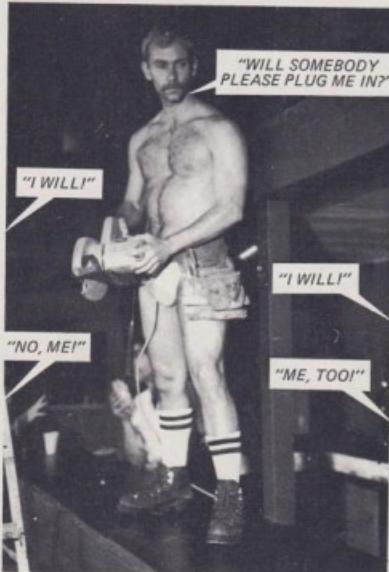
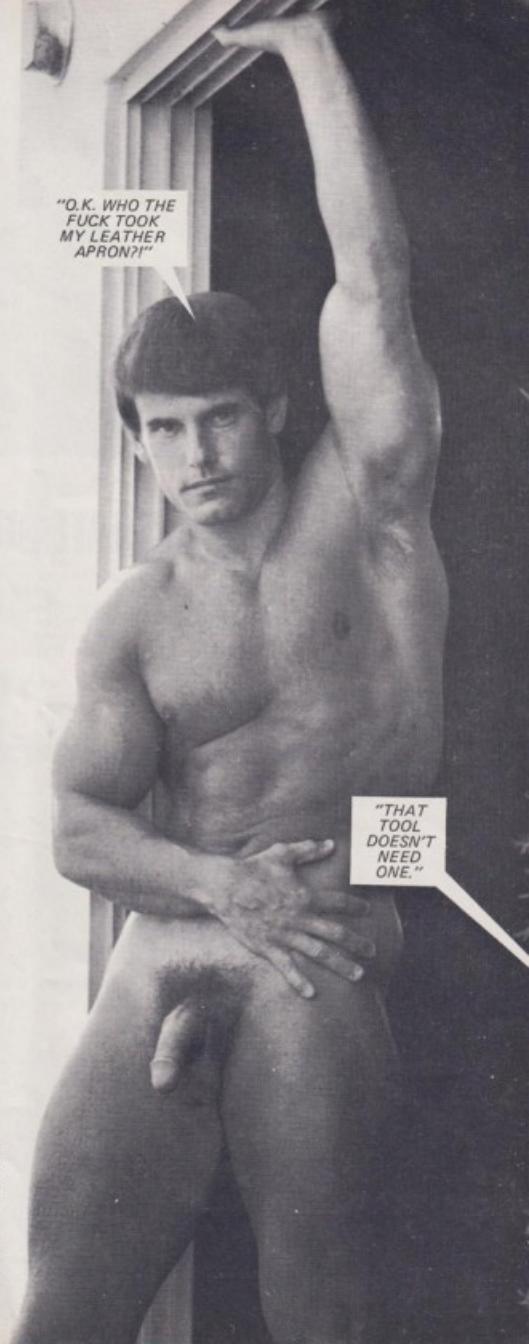


Photo by DAVE SANDS

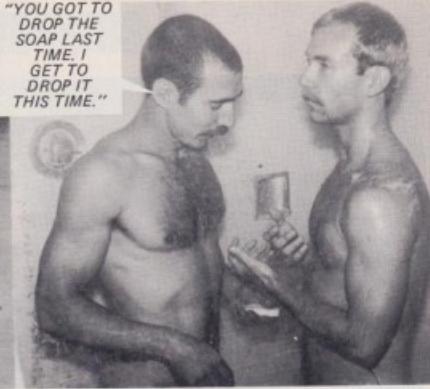




"O.K. IT'S AGREED.  
YOU HOLD THE NAILS  
AND I'LL HIT THEM."

"NAW, I'M TIRED  
OF MEASURING MY  
DICK. I WANT TO  
HOLD THE HAMMER  
FOR A CHANGE."

"YOU GOT TO  
DROP THE  
SOAP LAST  
TIME. I  
GET TO  
DROP IT  
THIS TIME."



## EACH STRIVING TO CREATE PERFECTION.

Photo by JIM MOSS

When the photographers came in to do their work for DRUMMER's articles and covers (a dedicated lot, those photographers), it slowed things down considerably. With those hunky, uncovered hulks running around all hot and horny, the poor distracted workmen could only follow suit. Back to the showers again. It will be a wonder if we ever get the place finished.

But getting there is half the fun.



"SEE, YOU RUB IT  
AND RUB IT AND LOOK  
AT WHAT HAPPENS!"



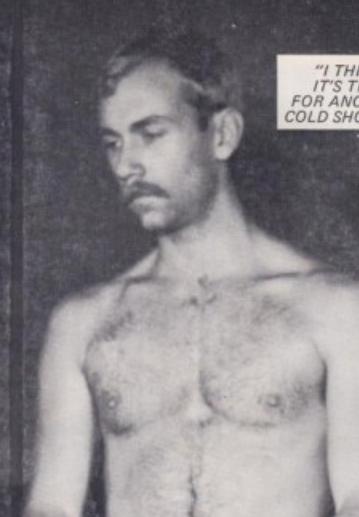
"SONOFABITCH!"

"HEY! YOUR  
TOOL NEEDS  
SOME ELBOW  
GREASE."

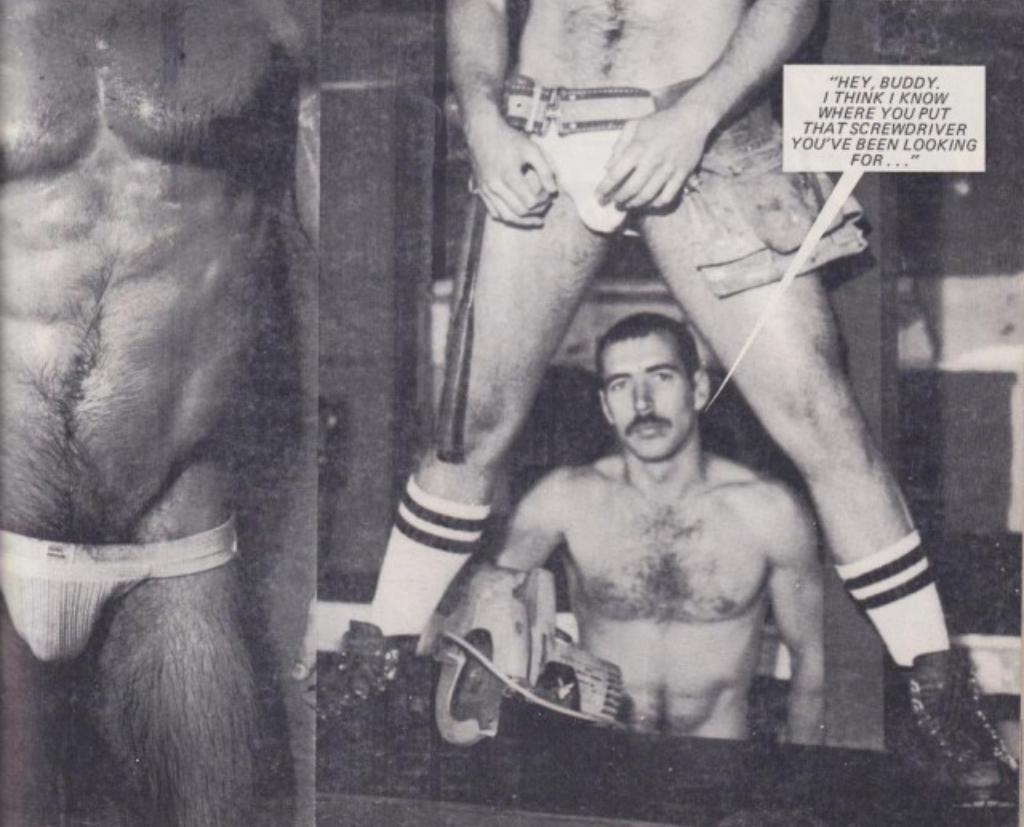




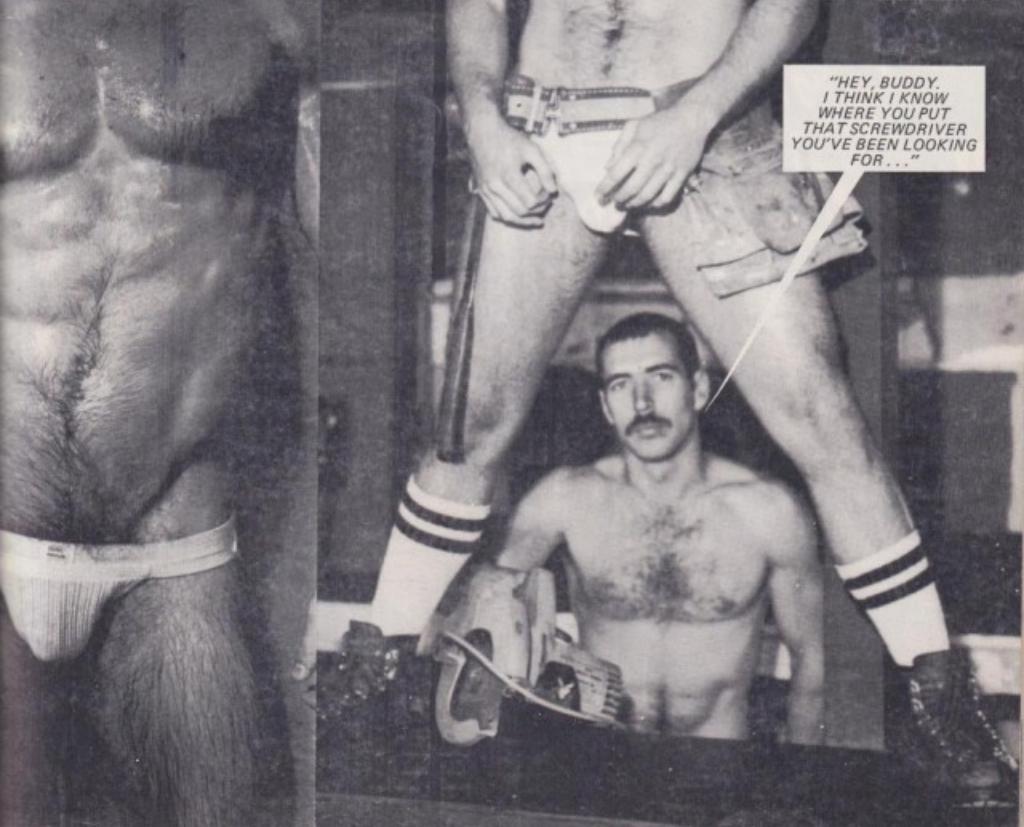
WHATTHEFUCK  
IS THE LEATHER  
FRATERNITY??!



"I THINK  
IT'S TIME  
FOR ANOTHER  
COLD SHOWER."



"HEY, BUDDY,  
I THINK I KNOW  
WHERE YOU PUT  
THAT SCREWDRIVER  
YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING  
FOR..."



# DRUMMER TRUCKER PARTY!



photo by Wolfgang

## TROCADERO TRANSFER

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## BIG \$100 Flight Package from L.A.! ————— SF 94107

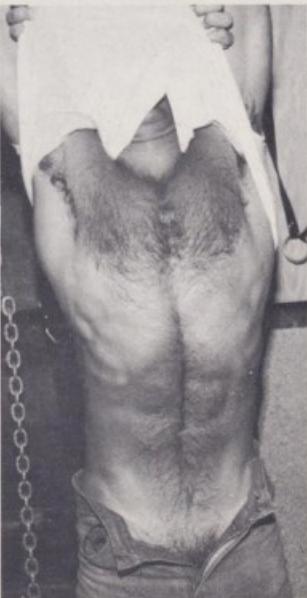
FLY BY JET FRIDAY EVENING FROM LAX TO SFO. Your admission at the TRUCKER PARTY is included. So is admission to the DRUMMER KEY CLUB on Saturday as well as your ticket to the CMC CARNIVAL! Several other little surprise goodies to make the weekend of November 7, 8 and 9 one you'll never forget, like admission and free membership to the BULL-DOG BATHS.

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# DRUM



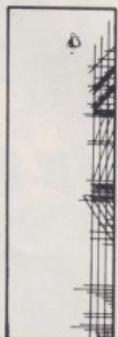
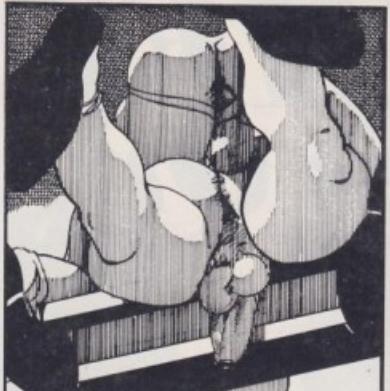
BY BILL WARD



MIND,  
LAD, I GOTTA  
TAKE A  
PISS...



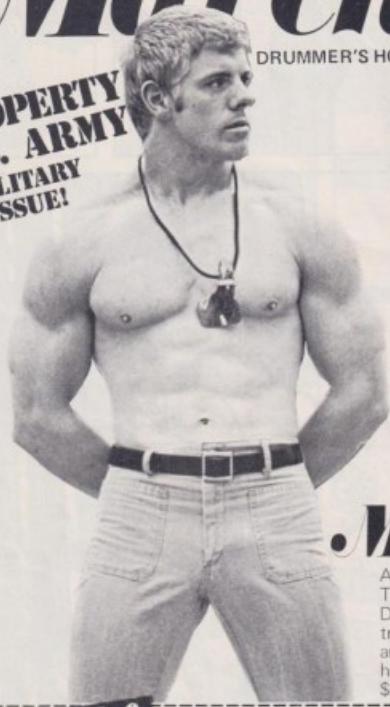




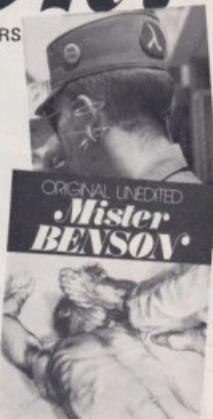
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# The Amsterdam—C.U.I.D.E.C.t



By

Ron Harvie

The second he stood up he felt something happening between his legs ..

He tried to blame how he'd been sitting, or how long, or how wrong his new underwear fit. He tried to concentrate on other things. Like the record the blond boy in the finger-smearred plexiblast booth had played over and over all night long, smiling out over the dance floor each time. Or like the pale coughdrop sun of 5 a.m. struggling up over two lumpy greystone buildings at the corner of the Damrak, Damrak, Nieuwendijk, Raadhuisstraat, Rokin, Kalverstraat. He recited the streets that ran off the Dam Square, and each word pumped more blood to his cock. He couldn't stop it. All the beer and the no-sleep and the chill blasts of dawn air had destroyed his self-control. He knew he shouldn't, he knew it was the worst thing he could do, but he felt his cock, hard as a racquet-handle. He hunched shoulders forward and pulled sweater down and made fists in pockets, as if lumps of hand could conceal ridge of cock. He looked around to see if anyone was watching, staring. He mocked himself: at 5 a.m. in this cold what did he expect, the whole population of Amsterdam with kids and cameras out to see his stupid hard on? And of course he was alone in the windblown square — except for a beige lump, asleep? dead? in the far corner, stretched on a bench. He felt guilty anyway. As usual.

He walked toward the War Memorial, a huge grey-white obelisk shape sticking straight into the air like . . .

He rubbed his cock again. At least it warmed his fingers. He stared blankly at a wooden box of plants on the base of the memorial. A few tired leaves stuck up at him through layers of cups cans butts bags christ-knows-what-else stuffed into the roots and branches of what looked like some incredible Dutch hybrid of Impatiens. He reached into the gunk and pulled out a filthy McDonalds bag. He pried it open, thinking the standard things about western civilization. He held it out gingerly like it was dead. Even more gingerly, he picked out the least disgusting things in the plant box and dropped them into the bag. Suddenly, he saw color! Flowers, red and orange flowers! He started scooping out the compressed crud by the handful and stuffing it into the McDonalds bag until it almost ripped from the weight. Then he pressed the exposed plant roots back into the semi-cleared earth. Looking at him then, you would have sworn he worked for the Amsterdam Parks Department, as he cleared and dug and packed and shook out the battered plants. Breathing hard, he finally stopped and shouted out to no one and everyone "Never had a thirty-thou a year v.p., shovel your shit for me did you, Amsterdam? So you owe me one and don't you forget it!"

He stood there in the wan light licking his flaky lips. He felt his cock drop shift in his shorts — gardening had half-killed his hard on. He stared at his hands, smeared, earth-stained, a piece of something dangling off one fingernail. He felt like a dirty kid. Almost panicking, he searched for somewhere to clean his hands before someone saw them — but where? He called himself a fucking idiot. He slapped down hard on his thighs. Then looking at the handprints on his pants, he choked with frustration. He shook his ruined hands helplessly. And suddenly . . . they weren't his hands anymore, they were 14 year old Bryan Firth hands, one day, one very definite day, another June long ago, but this time on a small patch of green land, in front of a house, his house, his parents' house, 12 Bradford Road, and he, Bryboy, crouched on the lawn with a weeder in one dirty hand and a naked white dandelion-root in the other, crouched watching not the weed but the figure across the street, the other boy, Carl, seventeen, out polishing his car as usual, and as usual wearing only his faded yellow track shorts, working up a shine on his car and on his skin, his big solid brown skin, tanned like leather so early in the summer, moving, rippling, straining over the car hood, legs springing, shoulders dancing, forearms taunting, while his, Bryan's hands groped blindly for another dandelion to uproot, while his eyes drank the sweat of Carl's body and tried to swoop low enough to catch a flash of pale cock bouncing in the shadow of the yellow shorts . . . and then a car passed between Bryan and Carl's cock . . . his father's car, home early, and Bryan flicked down his head and jabbed the weeder into the grass miles from any dandelion and felt his face flush as his father called out "Hi Bryboy" and then "yeah, well as long as you're doing something useful I guess I shouldn't expect a smile too," and he, Bryan, peered up and watched his father go to the street edge of the lawn, bend, pick up something and call to Carl "Hey Carl, this yours?" and Carl, looking up, "Yessir Mr. Firth, guess it is sir" and walking

laughing to his curb, the lowering sun drawing perfect rectangle on his big chest and belly . . . and Carl rubbing one hand across his damp slabs of flesh, making his nipples peak and point into Bryan's eyes like accusing fingers, while he, Bryan, lost what his father and Carl were joking about because his ears rang and his head pounded and his cock stabbed into his stomach like he was leaning on a picket-fence, and he couldn't stand, he didn't dare, so he half crouched across the grass at the hose faucet, spun the handle, grabbed the hose and turned it on himself full tilt and then leapt up with a yelp at the icy water drilling into his body and stared rigid with fear at the two faces, his father's and Carl's, turned on him harder than the hose and laughing, laughing . . .

He blinked and shook himself back to reality. Bryan Firth, Age 35, Place: Dam Square, Amsterdam, Time: June 6, 1977. He said all this out loud, trying to calm himself. As he spoke, he brought his muddy hands up in front of his face. His breath bounced back at him — it smelled like the bottom of a beer glass. He slammed his eyes shut, like canal-lock gates against walls of water. And then, he saw it. On the back of his eyelids. The face of Banner Fenecat. Laughing, laughing.

Every so often in your life, there is an instant in time when you change forever. Usually, the change is only a notch, a degree, a soft clicking noise, like a single tumble-bolt falling into place in a six-digit bank vault lock. Not quite enough to swing open the ten ton steel door, but on the other hand . . .

Bryan Firth stopped shivering. He rubbed his hands clean on the inside of his pant cuff. His teeth flashed into the crisp morning air. His eyes sparked and his hair shone. Under his sweater, chest and shoulders tingled with sudden strength. He sprang up the wide stone steps to the base of the obelisk. Behind it, like a shield, ranked a yard-high wall of marble, chiseled with a long inscription in Dutch. He set his back to the wall and faced out over the square, and while his left hand rubbed over his chest, squeezing his nipples through his sweater, in his pocket his right hand found his cock, flicked it up, stroked the long ridge of its underside. Two, three strokes and he was hard. But he kept on caressing his cock through the slippery material of his pocket. His sheathed fingers curled around the film of skin that miraculously held together the thrusting pipe of blood and muscle. He moved down gently, very gently, over the fuzz-covered balls huddled at the base of his cock. And all the time he was loving himself, he stared out over the city, the world, as if to say "Bryan Firth Pleads Not Guilty."

He unzipped. His cock leapt into the morning. He cupped his balls and cradled them out over the zipper-teeth. He stared at himself. The brightness of his skin dazzled him more than the surprise flowers in the plant box. Breathless, he gripped his straining cock. His belly flattened with the shock of cold on hot. He pumped slowly, steadily, squeezing his balls against fabric and zipper on the down-stroke and spreading the droplets of lubricant at the tip of his cock on the upstroke. Six, eight strokes and he was drunk with his power and brilliance. He teetered on the brink of orgasm. He teased himself. Suddenly, out of a street on the far side of the square, spurted a car, a little white car, poking its nose forward like it was looking for something. Bryan's hand moved faster, tougher. He sucked great gulps of air. He surged up, forward on the balls of his feet. His knees locked and air hissed through him like wind over a glacier. And, just as everything shot out of his cock, smacking the stones with resounding manly splats, the black letters on the side of the little white car screamed at him: POLITIE.

He stuffed his cock in his pants. Zipper stuck. He skittered around behind the monument out of sight. He leaned against the cool stone. Warm, dazed, smiling, he stretched his arms over head. He groaned with the ecstasy of total surrender, surrender to the now-beckoning face of Banner Fenecat. He opened his eyes halfway. Had the little white car arrived to take him away? No. Nothing. No one appeared. A blitz of pigeons swooped down out of nowhere on a breakfast hunt. That was all.

He staggered out in front of obelisk. Still grinning, he zipped himself up. Then he hopped, jumped, bounded down the stairs into the square and skipped across the paving stones, bowing to the pigeons and giggling. And all the way across the square, he only shivered once, just a small shiver. Due to the last errant gust of morning air and not the first whiff of refueled guilt . . .

He rooted around his wallet and found the card. Three months gunked at the edges, it said 'L. Banner Fenecat, Vice-President and Creative Director, Gaunt & Macaulay Advertising.' He belted his glass of young genever gin and signalled the waiter for another. He leaned back and felt the stuff warm the inside of his head.

Banner Fenecat. Just the name fascinated him. Maybe a snake would have fascinated him too, but the difference was with Banner he could barely restrain himself from grabbing the man every time he saw him. And he saw him often. In the Highwayman after work. In the Licorne at lunch. In the streets of the area downtown where they both worked. Trouble was, every time they met and spoke, a quickly bored Banner would move off while Bryan just smiled as casually as he could and silently yelled at himself for not saying this or that, for being bland when he should have been bizarre. Yes, Bryan had convinced himself, they should have been much easier together, a team even. After all, how many gay corporate vice-presidents are there rattling around these days?

By the half-light of early morning, Bryan would dream up elaborate plots and scenarios about how he and Banner would finally come together. Often violent, these misty dramas always ended with two bodies crashing at each other like cymbals at the climax of some Russian symphony. Bryan would clutch his almost painfully hard cock, until, along with the dream, it subsided and he woke up. He would lurch to the bathroom and lean on the sink and through squinting eyes examine himself in the mirror. He was usually surprised to find he looked so good, and this would cheer him and steel his resolve not to think about Banner anymore. Which he managed to do for a good two or three days.

Now he sat slugging Dutch gin and remembering specifically, one afternoon, sitting at the bar in the Highwayman, waiting for Stephanie, reading some trade-paper article on computerized group-insurance frauds, and, at one point, looking up and seeing a man, at a stool diagonally across the bar corner, about ten feet away, a man half turned away from him and talking to someone and smoking. Bryan had stiffened and felt his throat tighten. Whether it was the light bouncing off the bar mirror or the angle of sight or the martini inside him, Bryan couldn't decide which, whatever it was made him focus on one single thing . . . a hand: its thumb, straight, locked under a cheekbone, supporting a head like a gothic buttress; its first two fingers slanted up, pinching a filter at their tips; its other two fingers curled down out of sight; the full trapezoid of the back of the hand blazed at Bryan's captive eyes. The hand had the texture of pale suede, no tufts no coarse patches of hair, just a flawless chunk of leather-covered rock, its shadow-patterns carved by veins under the skin transfixing Bryan, curves and rolls and ripples carrying him over roller-coasters of knuckle and up the square, solid fingers to two perfect, cornerless rectangles of fingernail that shimmered like new-born ice on a pond in December. He tried to tear away, but his eyes were insatiable, hypnotized by the tiny explosions in the hand, the pulsing, the fleeting flexing shadows. By the time Stephanie arrived, Bryan actually felt dizzy and dragged her around the block to another bar. A week later, walking into the Highwayman again, smack into the middle of a roaring party, he spotted Stephanie in the crush. "What's all this?" "Oh, Banner Fenecat's just been made a vice-president of his agency — now he's exactly like you darling!" Stephanie winked broadly and charged off for more champagne. Crazed by the moment, Bryan took a deep breath, plunged forward, surfaced inches away from a big, laughing face and shouted "Congratulations! I was getting lonely!" and thrust out one of his business cards. "Bryan-wth-a-Firth, Vice-President, Underwriting, Commonwealth Insurance" the face read too loudly. Then a hand, the hand, appeared inches from Bryan's face. It held the card Bryan still kept in his wallet. "One of these is probably worth two of yours on the street" his mouth curled like a cat's, "but champagne makes me crazy. Keep it." And he turned back into his crowd, missing Bryan's comeback "yeah, it does that to me too . . ."

Bryan gulfawed at the memory of how he met Banner. A dozen Amsterdam cafe people shot him puzzled glances. He ordered a third gin. And he decided, again, things would be different when he got home. After all, he knew what the problem with him and Banner was. Oh, at first, he had told himself

he was purposely holding off, not wanting to get involved with Banner because he, Bryan, was already involved, married, having an affair, or whatever the word is, with Paul. And for a while, he actually believed it. But, one afternoon in the Highwayman, after Banner had strolled away from him one more time, the truth came to Bryan in a flash. He was afraid. Of not being able to satisfy Banner Coghill. Of being reassured and patted warmly after drooping in the clinch. Of not being asked for seconds. And that — being a one-nighter, the ultimate guilt-feeling indignity — was what Bryan was afraid of.

"But no more" he promised the little glass of cleaning-fluid-gin in front of him. "L. Banner Fenecat, here's to us!" He gulped, coughed, got up and left.

III

"You look different. What is it, a facelift maybe?" Renee greeted him back to the office Monday morning.

"None, I simply discovered the elixir of eternal youth — Dutch gin and canal water. It can make anyone beautiful. Even you."

"How come they didn't seize you at customs? You're an offensive weapon."

She then informed him that she'd refused to commit him to any meetings all morning — "I need the time to retrain you, after all!" — She had also arranged 3 weeks' worth of mail and memos into 3 piles on her desk. Labelled. A — Hot Stuff. B — Not Bad, C — Lies and Gossip. Bryan went for the C-pile right off. Then, at 10:30, his head still in Amsterdam, he buzzed Renee to place a call for him.

"Banner? Bryan Firth calling. How are you?"

Silence.

"Bryan-with-a-y! I'm wrecked. And where have you been hiding?"

"Europe. You knew that."

"Sorry. Me. Slow. Monday."

"Well, anyway . . . the sex change operations went without a hitch . . ." Bryan heard himself imitating Banner. He hoped the other hadn't noticed.

"Sex change? From what to what?"

"Thanks!" Bryan laughed, trying to change his voice back to normal. "Listen, the male population — all of it — of Amsterdam asked me to give you a great big wet one. But I can't do that over the phone. So. How about lunch?"

"Today?" Banner paused ominously. "Well, uh, sure. Why not."

"All this enthusiasm must be a strain on your heart." Bryan said calmly, amazed at how nervous he didn't feel.

"What heart?"

"Oh spare me that shit. So. Table for two at the Licorne at one? Are we on?"

"We're on."

Banner looked anything but 'wrecked.' Bryan drew a breath and waited for the nervous twitching to begin. But it held off. Banner had taken a corner table and positioned himself so he couldn't see the people at the bar. Bryan sat and started a conversation about nothing in particular. Talking, he looked across the table into the big, square face. Only the smallish eyes and the mouth that brought the phrase 'mean streak' to mind separated it from perfection. And those, he supposed, were the two particular features that created all the fascination. Apart from the unseen chest, ass, cock. And of course, the hands, the god-hands.

Suddenly, right then, Bryan felt the old familiar twinge. He dug his nails into himself to quell his nerves with pain. The waiter brought him a drink. Finally. But, instead of fortifying him, the martini seemed to sluice away the dregs of his crumbling resolution. He heard himself tell himself that this will never work, this is the wrong time and place for anything. His inner voice sounded like a trumpet calling up the army of rationalizations, the old tired army, once again to dig the trenches, the maze of truth-thwarting trenches. Suddenly, his eyes focused on the hands. They played with a cigarette package on the table-top, tapped it, flipped it upright, spun it. The hands were bored. And Bryan knew if anything was ever going to happen, it had to be then, at that instant. Just as at some other precise instant, the universe was born.

"I thought about you in Europe" he said loudly, and Banner's expression flickered dimly. "In Amsterdam. Your

face appeared to me one morning when I was feeling particularly, uh . . . sexy."

The eyes across the table seemed to spark.

"It was 5 a.m. and I was in the Dam Square after being up all night. By myself. It was kind of . . . unusual, really."

How unusual, asked the eyes and the thin, mocking mouth.

Bryan felt like he'd just stepped into an underbrush full of open wolf traps. He started to shrug and laugh and change the subject.

"But you haven't told me how I came to you in a vision," Banner smiled demandingly "or how sexy you were feeling . . ."

And then Bryan heard himself telling the story of that morning, and it was as if he himself were hearing it for the first time too. His voice sounded distant, like a voice from a stage. It described everything. Bryan was shocked — he'd never talked like this to anyone before. When he hesitated before a certain word, Banner's eyes would force the word out. Easily. The restaurant, the people, the world ceased to exist. There was only Banner's eyes and the story of the morning, the cold, the monument, the flowers, the hard cock, the police car, the come splattering on the stone, and the face, the same face as the one across the table, appearing out of thin air.

He finished the story. Held his breath. Didn't dare move a muscle. At the edges of his mind, restaurant shapes and noises began to rematerialize. But there was no reaction from Banner. Nothing. Nothing.

Then suddenly Banner's eyelids drooped, his shoulders shifted down and shuddered slightly, he expelled a gust of air. And his hand, his right hand, appeared from below the table, like a dove from a magician's top-hat. It was cupped, it held something precious. Bryan tilted forward to see.

"Ahh" sighed Banner, "another sufferer from the sex-as-risk syndrome." And he brought his hand to his mouth and swallowed its shimmering contents like an oyster from a shell. Then he wiped his shiny palm with a drink napkin.

Right then, seeing Bryan sitting at the table, you would have thought: now there's a cool, untroubled well-constructed vessel sailing serenely through life's waters, like, say, the Titanic on a certain April evening. But then you would have heard a voice, through lips that scarcely quivered, shearing the air like ice on metal: "Banner. Come home with me. Now. Or I'll kill you."

And for once, with no wisecracks, Banner finished his drink and followed Bryan out of the restaurant.

#### IV

Like an Alpine avalanche sweeping all before it, Bryan shoved Banner into his apartment. Without a word, Banner headed straight for the living room. Bryan reached to drag him off to the bedroom but missed. And stopped. The half-empty apartment still shocked him, even though it had been weeks since Paul moved out all his furniture.

Bryan watched Banner examine the dark-stained floor with its one too-small Persian rug floating on it like grease on soup. The corduroy sofas huddled together in the corner, clutching their huge wine-stain colored cushions. The vertical blinds. The limp Greek wool drapes the color of very old money. The oak table that looked like it had survived, just barely, the Chicago fire.

"Reminds me of somewhere" Banner said softly.

"The poorhouse?"

"No. On the contrary." And he moved towards the far wall.

Damn it, Bryan lectured himself, by now we should be wrestling up a sweat in the bedroom. He stared at the figure across the room. And an utterly unthinkable thought tiptoed into his head: maybe he's afraid of me too . . .

He actually shook himself to clear his mind. He watched Banner find the two small black frames on the narrow wall by the windows. Bryan had always worried that they looked like that terrible cliche of homosexual decor — tasteful male nudes. But he left them there anyway, because he liked them, they turned him on.

They hung one above the other. Two black-and-white photos. The top one showed a college art class in session — a clutter of young faces gazing up at a figure in the foreground, a naked man on a plain stool, back to the camera. He leaned backward too, supported by locked arms and hands that

clutched the stool-seat. One long, smooth leg shot out in front of him, and his head seemed to be turned directly at a boy student in the second row of easels. But what Bryan loved about the picture was the pattern of shadows on the model's flawless back and shoulders. And the way the little stool shaped his ass into two perfect handfuls of flesh. Those kids don't know what they're missing, he would think, smiling.

The second photograph was, at first glance, simply the interior of a room. Closer up, it revealed a young man, naked, standing against the frame of open French doors, languidly gazing out at the daylight, his cock lying half hard on one slightly upraised thigh. The rest of the room was almost completely filled by a shiny grand piano, at which sat another man, dressed in suit and tie, playing. That boy is having a song written about him, Bryan would think, frowning.

Fascinated, Banner stared at the pictures. He even touched the glass on one of them. Then he turned and drilled into Bryan's eyes. Bryan blinked. The abrupt change of feeling in the air made things inside him change gear.

"What did we call it in school?" Banner said, "shirts vs. skins?" His mouth curled into its long, strange smile. "Which do you want to be today?"

"Can't you tell?"

"Just thought I'd make sure." And he whipped off his tie. With a strange sense of calm strength — where had he felt it before? — Bryan tightened his own tie-knot, straightened his shirt cuffs, sat down on a sofa, crossed his legs, arranged the crease of his pants like he was about to be photographed, clasped his hands over one knee, leaned back and watched through unblinking eyes.

Banner stood six feet away, back to the windows. Slices of sunlight, combined with the slow, flowing movement of body created some extraordinary atavistic ritual in front of Bryan's eyes.

Banner took off his shirt. Lit from behind, the curves of his shoulders glowed and his chest, though turned away from the light, seemed fluorescent. Fine dark hair, like newly-sprouted grass on a rolling lawn, formed an arrow-shape pointing down at his belt buckle. The buckle chinked open and the pants slid down, charging the leather with static. Shoes, socks, faint blue rectangle of shorts — all disappeared. And there was only Banner. The man's eyes never left Bryan's as he made a quarter-turn towards the light. The profile of ass, suddenly revealed, looked like a scoop of vanilla ice cream minus one great, smooth lick. The cock, now spotlit, was uncut. Pinks and peaches and pale tans blended over transparent skin like a watercolor sunrise. Red threads and blue ropes laced just under the skin. The great cock-head poked out, its surface glistening like the inside secret of some rare seashell. To stop himself from pouncing, Bryan gripped his knee till it hurt.

Banner moved closer. His leg brushed Bryan's pant cuff. His cock quivered, his leg lifted, he cradled Bryan's knees, he separated Bryan's hands and pushed them down on the sofa. Then, leg muscles flexing, he lowered himself on to Bryan's wool-covered thigh. Resting there, his cock lengthened and thickened and bared its whole head. He arched and rubbed himself gently back and forth. The crease in Bryan's pants ran along the vulnerable skin behind the root of his cock. He slid up over Bryan's raised knee and slowly descended his shin, carefully keeping the razor-crease running along the center ridge of his cock. His balls bounced over the brass links on Bryan's shoe. He paused for a second before rolling his bright, white bulk on to the dark, earth-colored floor.

Bryan almost exploded. He shot up. His cock tried to rip through the pants Banner had made love to.

The man on the floor leaned on his elbows. His hands played over his own heaving belly. Then, one marvellous hand cupped and lifted his balls. He raised one leg and shifted his hips. He displayed his anus to Bryan.

Mesmerized, swallowing hard, Bryan moved his shiny black shoe towards the tiny pink target. He parted the hair with his toe and touched leather to softest flesh.

Bryan groaned and shuddered. "Oh God, I knew this would happen . . ."

Bryan slid his foot up over Banner's front. He flicked each of two stiff nipples with the hard edge of his sole. Pressing down and pulling back around the twitching, bursting cock, he dug his heel into the soft white inner thigh of the man on the floor.

Banner panted like a bellows.

Bryan threw off his jacket, tie, shirt. The sudden air on his flaming skin made him flinch. Belt and fly sprung open. Pants and shorts flew down. He bent to pull off a shoe. He brushed Banner's cock.

And Banner came. And Bryan watched and watched. With two fingers, he spread the brilliant liquid over pale belly till it was as shiny and cool as a rink. And his tongue went skating, spilling.

And then two hands reached up for Bryan. He stepped forward. The hands caressed his cock. He felt fire, ice. His body writhed. His lungs groped for air, his head for space. And he gushed. Up, up, foaming through fingers, cascading over knuckles and sinews and veins and wrists, as Banner's hands tried to catch it, save it all.

Finally, there was no more. Bryan stood rigid, every hair on his body straight up. His cock thrashed wildly, trying to draw up more come, enough to cover Banner completely. Instead, he buckled and dropped panting to the floor between Banner's legs. He held Banner's thighs for support. And he watched, smiling dazedly, as Banner, smiling dazedly, blended both their comes together on his chest, swirling them in pale, soapy strokes over belly, shoulders, nipples.

Bryan whispered, his voice spouting like his cock, "I came in your hands, Banner, your hands!"

"Next time" another voice whispered, "it's my turn to flatten you, Bryan-with-a-y..."

He kept his promise. And so began a series of what they called Meetings. Together, instinctively, they dropped any pretense of normality. They did things to each other they'd never even admitted thinking of doing to anyone else. They drove each other to the brink of infinity, like kids nudging, daring each other closer, ever closer, to a cliff edge. And for a few hours a week, they were that far away from losing control, from madness. They both knew it, but it was exactly what they both had wanted all their lives. They thrived on each other. The world seemed to start spinning more smoothly for them.

And maybe faster too.

#### V

One particular Meeting, Bryan found Banner in an unusual mood. The man resisted stimulation, he sagged, he even suggested cutting the Meeting short. Bryan felt like he'd been wined. "No way," he growled bravely, "no put-offs. We agreed." He grabbed Banner's hair and pulled his face around. "What's the matter? You hung over? Wasted? Catch something from some trick? What?"

"Death."

"What!"

"Guy at the agency heart-attacked this morning. Flat on the carpet, out like a light, awful noises, turned blue. Thirty-six. Shit! I watched them carry him out on a piece of canvas in a dead grey blanket. But you know what I saw in my head? Me. Dead on some bed. All alone. Nobody hollering. No flowers, no cards, no visitors, no windows in the room even. Nothing..."

"Banner, come off it . . ." Bryan didn't want to hear any more.

"That's the way it's going to be for me. I know it. Bryan-with-a-y. And I hate to tell you, but that's the way it's going to be for you too . . ."

"Fuck you."

"Sorry, but it's true. See, there is a difference between us and the straights. A fatal difference. When we die — you and me Bryan-with-a-y, when we go we're gone completely. Like that. Forgotten. The world even whispers 'good riddance' and tries to wipe away all traces of the way we were. And we can't stop them. We don't leave anything behind to tell the truth. No kids. No grandchildren. No one to carry the torches of our souls. Or our looks. Or our brains. Or our diseases." He snorted. "Even our names are dead and gone. All of us goes at once. Forever . . ." Banner slumped bonelessly, staring with pale, distant eyes. "If I died tomorrow, the world would say 'so what' . . ."

Dead silence.

Death? Banner? Bryan gulped some air. He didn't know what to say. Then finally his voice reverberated through the room like a muffled gong. "Banner, if you died tomorrow, the world would be sorry, very sorry. Because I'd make it sorry."

On came Banner's long, curly smile. "Punish the world? You would, wouldn't you, Bryan-with-a-y?"  
"Damn right!" And Bryan smiled too. "But right now, I'm going to punish L. Banner Fenecat for dragging death into this Meeting uninvited . . ."

Another day, another Meeting. Bryan, wide-eyed, white-faced, shaking. Banner pretending to be angry. "You said you didn't need booze or dope. You said I made you high enough . . ."

"Need a drink . . ."

"I noticed." Banner had to wrap Bryan's hand around the glass to keep it from spilling. "Christ! You're not kidding are you? You're shot. What the hell happened?"

Bryan downed the drink, whatever it was, in one swallow. "Was in a meeting, department heads, nothing special, usual shit, sitting there in the Mahogany Boardroom waiting to start. This guy started talking — Waller, the Personnel Director, faceless type, looks like a hamburger bun . . ."

Banner laughed. "Hamburger bun. Must remember that one . . ."

Bryan went on, oblivious "Never paid much attention to this guy before, wasn't even really listening this morning until I caught a word. 'Faggots.' Followed by a few choice adjectives. Then I paid attention. This guy was working himself up, all red-faced, veins popping out, over the fact that some gay couple moved into a house near him. Correction. Bought a house near him. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. The words. In that Boardroom. Incredible . . ."

"Swearing in church? Despicable!" Banner still laughed but his eyes were cold.

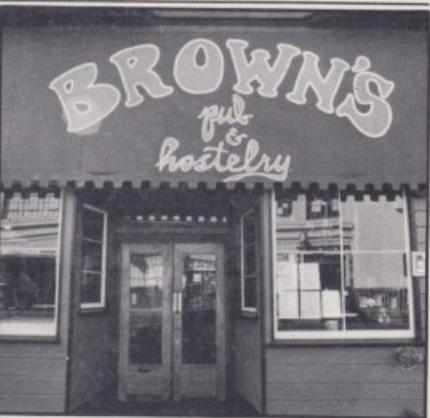
"And nobody else seemed to be bothered. I looked around. Wall to wall executives, how many hundred thou a year total salaries? All sort of nodding, chuckling. God damn it Banner, they were agreeing with that maniac!"

"Surprise, surprise!"

"Bland smiling killer faces. I wanted to scream . . ."

"You want another drink?" asked Banner quietly.

"Let me finish. I looked down the table at Charlie McLean. The President. But he didn't do anything to change the subject. Just sat riffling papers. Even you, Charlie? I thought. And



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I wanted to stand up and shout. But of course I didn't. As usual, I held back . . .

Banner handed him a drink.

"But today, something was different, I was different, maybe. My stomach churned, I could see it moving under my shirt! God, for a few minutes I thought I'd be sick. Don't ask me what went on at the meeting — I didn't hear a word. All I know is it seemed interminable. Finally, they began getting up to leave, I walked up to Charlie McLean, I still wasn't sure whether I wanted to talk to him or belt him, but I said "Charlie can I speak to you for a minute, please?" He made me just stand there while he finished his conversation with whoever. Finally, he turned back to me with this innocent expression. And suddenly, instead of boiling over, I felt as calm as an iced-over lake. I said "Charlie, I am a homosexual and I was offended by Waller's mouthing off this morning . . . but the thing that really hurts is everyone in the room agreeing with him. Banner, I couldn't believe it was me talking! I've never said anything like that in my life . . ."

"And what happened?"

"After a second, Charlie coughed. That's all. He coughed. And he turned away like he'd just heard a phone that he had to answer." He grabbed Banner. "Tell me Banner! Can they all be crazy? All of them!"

"Let me put it this way. Yes," Banner poured two more drinks. And he said very seriously, "you're a brave man Bryan-with-a-y . . . and now, I'm going to decorate a certain chest for bravery."

And another day, another Meeting. On Banner's floor, as cluttered with furniture as Bryan's was sparse, sprawled a sixth of a ton of steaming male flesh. Bryan lolled on the wet raft of Banner's thigh, making kitten noises, breathing dense crotch air, gazing at Banner's lazy cock . . . a baby in a pink blanket on a fur rug, Bryan grinned to himself.

Banner heaved up his other leg. Stretched it straight. His toes just touched the TV. He curled them around one of the knobs — Banner could manipulate his feet in ways that sometimes made Bryan vaguely nauseous. He found the on-off and clicked it. The screen crackled. Pale pastel shapes tried to form behind the glass, but the deeper, purer amber light of late afternoon killed them, sucked them dry. Bryan started to lapse back into his semi-dreams, but a voice from the TV yanked him bolt upright.

". . . and I can say with all honesty that I'm anything but a fanatic, I think I'm a typical, reasonable man and parent. And I certainly have no intention of suggesting — like some do of course — that all homosexuals be locked up or shot. That's absurd, isn't it? Why, just recently, a couple of them bought a house on my own street, and while some of my neighbors have been upset by this, I say as long as they keep quietly to themselves, what's the problem?"

"Fuck me dead! It's Waller!"

"Who?"

"Waller! The personnel creep at the office. The one I told you about last week!"

"Well, well: Let's see. Nice make-up job. Very lifelike hair."

"Shut up! I want to hear what's going on. Seems like an interview . . ."

A female voice said "So Mr. Waller, your sole concern is to change the hiring practices of the School Board?"

"Exactly. I simply do not want a known homosexual teaching my child . . ."

"Hell no! Kid might *learn* something!"

"Shut up, Banner!"

". . . and I'm sure all thinking parents agree with me on that."

"The little bastard!" spat Bryan.

"Where does he buy his suits? The toy department?" said Banner.

Waller continued unctuously, "Homosexuality is not a civil right. It's a threat to my personal rights and my children's right . . ."

"The slimy little fucker!"

"As Mrs. Waller remarked on her wedding night . . ."

". . . now I'm not going to quote the Bible on the subject — other people have done that. Let me just point out that homosexuality can't be a natural thing. Even cats and dogs don't do it, heh heh . . ."

"And he knows all about *that*, heh heh" said Banner.

"Turn that shit off!"

Bryan stood over the TV trembling. He glared down at Ban-

ner. "Doesn't that get to you? At all? You can still sit there and joke about it after how many years of hearing it, of hearing them call you garbage?"

"Just because I don't react the same way as you doesn't mean I don't care as much, Bryan. I just don't think we'll change anything sitting here yelling at a TV set."

Bryan exhaled. "You're right. I'm sorry. I just can't seem to take it any more. Clean, quiet law-abiding tax-paying citizen Fifth sits up nights making Molotov cocktails . . ."

"My favorites . . ."

"And you're the one who's changed me."

"Ah, so it's all my fault?"

Bryan kneaded Banner's shoulders and neck. "Yeah. So watch this, citizen Fenecat."

Silence.

"First thing I'm going to do is get that bastard fired. I outrank him in the company, and McLean owes me one . . ."

"Good idea, Bryan-with-a-y" Banner made his narrow smile, "make a martyr out of him. Then he'll get more TV exposure, more press . . ."

"But that's all I can do! That's where I have clout to fight him! What else can I do except kill the bastard!"

"Well at least you're thinking in the right direction. Trouble is, killing can be messy. And I believe it's illegal. And . . . it's also been known to create a martyr or two. No, killing's out of it . . ."

"You're getting at something, aren't you? . . ."

Banner shifted up to a chair, crossed his legs, arranged his balls, peaked his fingers under his chin. "First, let's assume that whatsisname Waller is right . . ."

"What!"

"Right. That we are threats to him, to his lifestyle, to his ability to raise his children. That's evidently what he believes in his own psychotic way, and we're never going to talk him out of it, are we?"

"I guess . . ."

"No, So, look at it this way: if the man says we're a threat, believes we're a threat, then? . . ."

Bryan frowned.

"Then we mustn't disappoint him. We must be a threat."

"But I already suggested . . ."

"Getting him fired, which would in fact be doing him a favor. Or killing him, which would mean potential trouble for us, and would be much too quick punishment for him. No, what we have to do is . . ."

"Ruin his life!" said Bryan. "Make him suffer for a good, long time . . ."

Banner grinned and rubbed Bryan's cock. "Arrange it so, for the rest of his little life — however long that may be — that his one and only concern is how to cope with the pain. Make it so the idea of sex in any form is the ultimate gut-wrenching horror. And, most important, we must arrange it so that other people, the straights that is, instead of giving him the sympathy they know intellectually he deserves, instead of them, they instinctively recoil. That's how we must punish him," Banner's eyes flashed.

"I can't figure what would accomplish all that" said Bryan "but you obviously know some way . . ."

"Mmm, I have a small idea . . ."

"For God's sake, tell me!" Bryan made a fist around Banner's balls. "Tell me how we're going to punish Waller!"

## VI

It had to be planned properly, of course. First, before they could decide when, they had to figure where. Bryan suggested the offices of Commonwealth Insurance. Banner laughed it off. Then he, Banner considered Waller's home. Bryan vetoed that. Said it would cause too much of a hassle for Waller's new gay neighbors.

"They'll get hassled anyway," said Banner.

"I know, but let's not give the hasslers any extra help."

A street snatch. European and Latin urban gurbans use the technique with apparent success. Must be, they decided, because it adds to the victim's disorientation — he's nowhere familiar and safe-looking when it happens, so he knows he's in for trouble, so his imagination goes crazy with fear. Yes, a street snatch it would be.

"Particularly since the bastard's probably staying late at the office these days. Those types always use company paper

and xeroxes and postage meters for their personal crusades," said Bryan.

"Right. Can you find out about that? If there's any particular day he's been working late?"

"Well . . . there's a night security guard . . . cute kid . . . Looks like he's into muscle-building . . ."

"Why Bryan-with-a-y! Where the hell do you find time for all of them hunks!"

"Eat your heart out. Actually, we've only said hello and goodbye. Unfortunately. But I'm sure I can persuade him to show me his . . . sign-out book." Which he did. And the book said Mondays and Wednesdays, five weeks in a row already, between 8 and 9 p.m., a regular and conscientious J.M. Waller signed out of Commonwealth Insurance.

The next thing was necessary equipment. The green garbage bags, the diapers, rubber gloves, lubricant, nylon stocking masks were easy.

"The rope and gag are no problem either" said Banner.

"Aha!" said Bryan, "You laughed when you saw my shelf of John D. MacDonald books. But good crime writers can teach you a lot. Like, pretty colored plastic electrician's tape is better than any rope. The captive can never work it loose, and it leaves no burns or welts. And, an ordinary face-cloth is the ideal-sized gag. And, a whispering voice cannot be identified later . . ."

"Anything else, Sherlock?"

"Only a few other little physical tricks. But I've showed all those to you in the past few months. Didn't you notice?" Bryan leered.

Next, the glass. They found exactly the thing in a lab equipment store down on Craig Street.

The big problem was the car. They needed something roomy — a small truck or one of those panelled vans kids decorate into rolling playpens — and they'd have to borrow or rent it. Both alternatives sounded dangerously bare-faced.

"We could steal one . . ."

"I think we're a little overage to survive the indignity of being picked up for joy-riding . . ."

"Rent it under a phony name?"

"We'd need phony ID, licenses, stuff like that . . ."

"Hey!" Another John D. MacDonald trick popped into Bryan's mind. "My crime professor has a theory that the best alias is the name of your victim . . ."

"Very clever. I don't follow . . ."

"Simple, my dear Coghill. I rifle his office and get some business cards, envelopes addressed to him, bills, check blanks, if we're really lucky maybe even a credit card or company ID. Then, I go down to the Motor Vehicles Bureau, say I'm Waller and I've lost my driver's license. They ask their computer if I'm legal. It says yes. They ask me for some ID and 2 bucks. Bingo — they issue me a duplicate license. And we rent the van as J.M. Waller himself!"

"Bryan-with-a-y! And to think I've been telling everyone you're just another pretty face." Swat. Wrestle.

## VII

"Where the hell is the bastard? It's after 8:45."

"Maybe he's changed his pattern. Or maybe the kid with the body told you wrong."

"He didn't tell me anything. I looked in the book for God's sake!"

"OK OK, relax" Banner slid one hand over Bryan's crotch, "lay off!"

The hand retreated. Silence. "Chickening out, Bryan-with-a-y?"

"Fuck you! I'm just trying to concentrate, that's all. This is no time for messing around! We could get charged with kidnapping."

"For starters."

"Banner," Bryan snapped, "I love you but sometimes I want to break your teeth."

Silence.

"We don't tell each other that. I wonder why."

"What?"

"I wonder why that was the first time the word 'love' has been mentioned since we . . . got together?"

"And that just made twice" said Bryan.

"And baby makes three. I love you." Banner looked straight ahead into the night, his face half lit by the lobby-

glare of the Commonwealth Insurance Building. "We don't have to go through with this, you know."

"Yes we do," Bryan said too loudly.

But not that night. Because Monday night, J.M. Waller did not show.

Wednesday meant another wait. But this time . . .

They watched J.M. Waller sign out and exchange some little joke with the night guard.

"The fucking hypocrite" spat Bryan through his nylon mask.

The guard unlocked the big glass door. Waller was carrying a briefcase and a big brown envelope, very full. As soon as he reached the curb, he hailed a cab. One squealed to a stop instantly.

"Shit! He's taking a cab home!"

"Maybe not home" said Banner, "Let's see . . ." He pulled off his mask. Bryan stared at him. "You're the one who reads the pulp novels aren't you?" Banner continued. "Do I have to actually say Follow That Cab?"

They followed. They knew Waller lived outside the city, so when the taxi did not take the way to the Parkway, they knew he wasn't headed straight home.

"This is even better" grinned Banner. "We'll grab him in a totally unknown spot. Complete disorientation! Wonderful!"

The cab sped up and the driver was a lane-dancer. Still not familiar with handling the van, Bryan lagged behind. He ran a light at Greene Avenue to avoid losing sight of the cab altogether. He hit 45 in a 20 zone. But he caught up. Just in time to spot the taxi make a sudden left. No signal, Bryan braked hard and the guy behind squealed and swerved and slid by an inch away yelling "fuckin' cockuckin' asshole!" Banner blew him a kiss.

When Bryan finally made the left through the traffic, the cab had pulled away and Waller was walking back towards the corner and the entrance to a low, red-brick apartment house, the kind the ads call "quiet older building."

He never made it.

Banner leapt out, clapped Waller's mouth shut, twisted his arm up behind his back, threw the man into the dark van. Bryan jammed the gag into his mouth and rolled the orange

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tape four times around his head.

They stripped off Waller's pants with hardly a struggle. Then, they both worked rolls of tape. They bound Waller's wrists to his ankles, figure-eighting the happy orange adhesive with the speed of master weavers. They slammed Waller's head to the floor. His knees bounced up and apart, automatically pulled by his wrists. Perfect, they nodded to each other. In a silence broken only by muffled grunts from Waller's sweaty face, they worked together like they'd been doing this all their lives. One of them thwacked open a green garbage bag. The other cut off Waller's underwear and dropped it in the bag. They stopped, looked at each other. Banner whispered "as predicted. Oh well, they say good things come in small packages."

Bryan spread three layers of diaper from the pale blue box with the cute baby on it under Waller's buttocks.

Banner snapped on a rubber glove, lubricated the fingers and shoved two of them up Waller's anus. He rotated his hand, trying to locate the prostate gland. Success. The man's penis began to bloat. "Amazing. Who says a man can't be raped!"

Bryan removed something from a small cardboard box and held it delicately up in the almost-darkness. Bluish street-light, leaking through the front window of the van, made the object look like a tiny icicle.

Just then, they both stopped. Waller had started shitting with fear. When the crud stopped flowing, the diapers were carefully gathered and stowed in the garbage bag. And a last-minute addition to the equipment — air freshener — was kicked on the cap by Banner.

Bryan looked down at Waller. The man sweated uncontrollably. His eyes whirled and streamed tears of panic.

From behind the nylon mask, Bryan began to whisper at his captive's face. "Mr. Waller, what I'm holding is a hollow glass rod. 5 inches long, and very thin, see? In a minute, I'm going to insert it into your penis. That's why my friend is giving you that nice little erection. Which he can do, by the way, because your prostate is on our side. Now, when I insert the glass, you won't feel a thing. Until. You start going soft. At which time, I and my friend, with the sides of our hands, see? smash the glass into thousands of tiny slivers. And the

slivers lodge into your flesh. Forever."

Now the man was trying to shit himself inside out, but only a trickle oozed out on to the clean diapers. Banner whispered too:

"Yes, Mr. Waller, forever. From tonight on, every movement, even just standing up, will be torture. And urinating will be so excruciating that you will want to die rather than piss. And no surgeon will be able to help you. No. The only two solutions to your dilemma will be suicide and . . . total amputation. So, Mr. Waller, from tonight on, you won't be a man any more. I hope you've been a good man up to now, have you, hmm? Have you done unto others as you would have them do unto you? Oh Mr. Waller, no you haven't. Tsk tsk. And that's why you're here isn't it? Nod if you know why you're here."

Pause. Then, hesitantly, he nodded.

"Good," Bryan's whisper took over again. "Now nod again if you think there's any way you can convince me not to insert the glass rod."

Pause. Twitch. A tiny nod.

"You do?"

Nod. Nod.

"Hmmm. Could it be you're going to make us a promise, Mr Waller? That you will stop your hate campaign against us, against homosexuals?"

Nod nod nod.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Waller, but that's just not good enough."

The man ruined another layer of diaper.

"Now I'm going to insert the glass rod. I'd do it even if you promised to reverse your hateful crusade. Even if you promised to demand more time on TV to announce your sincere and god-inspired change of heart, and your love and respect for all homosexuals. Even if you promised all that, I'd still insert the glass rod. Wouldn't you, if you were me?"

Shake shake shake shake.

"No? You mean you'd believe the promises?"

Nod nod nod nod.

"I suppose that's because you'd know your . . . captive . . . realized he was vulnerable every minute of every day, and he would be grabbed again the minute he broke one of his promises?"

Nod. Nod.

"Grabbed instantly if he back-slid for one second, if he just pretended to change his ways, if he showed only a new facade over the same old rotten wood, if he crossed his little fingers when he preached his new gospel of love and tolerance? Is that why you'd believe your captive, if you were me, Mr. Waller?"

Nod.

"Well, I don't believe you, Mr. Waller." Banner worked the prostate again. Bryan rubbed some lubricant on the rod, pinched open the duct at the top of Waller's penis, touched the glass to the skin.

The man was in spasms. Blue in the face. Liquid oozing from every possible opening. And his eyes had that glassy, unblinking stare of the about to die. He had snapped forever.

"OK Mr. Waller." They looked at each other through nylon. They rearranged Waller's pants and blindfolded him. The man was limp, slimy — they touched him only with disgust.

They ripped off their masks. They stuffed everything into the garbage bag, including Waller's briefcase and envelope. They cut loose his hands and feet, perched him on the edge of the van, started the motor, and pushed him on to the sidewalk. He hit it like a bag of milk and lay there. The van sped away.

Silence.

"When did you decide?" said Banner.

"Right then. A proverb flashed to mind. Maybe it's John D. MacDonald again, or maybe Machiavelli, although I think it's my own . . ."

"I'll bite."

"The enemy's imagination is your greatest ally. Not bad, hm?"

"Hope you're right . . ."

"We'll see . . ."

Silence again.

"Anyway, Mr. Vice-President, I move we continue this Meeting somewhere more . . . intimate . . ."

"Mr. Vice-President, I second the motion. Where to?"

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The *New York Post*, which brought this tidbit to American shores, did not give the location of the camp.

## TWINKS, RAISE YOUR VOICES!

I can remember back far enough to the days when the hardest S&M songs playing the airwaves were Martha Valdez's *Drive Me Daddy* and *Tied To A Whipping Post*. All that's changed now, S&M as inspiration has begun to take a firm hold on the usual commercial record album. Recent 'big-boppers' like *Fist Goodbody's Traveling Torture Show* and the classic (if very dull) *Whipmaster* have found permanent homes next to Judy Garland and Diana Ross.

New entry in the 'music to get hard by' is More Best Production's *Sleaze Attack*, a dozen songs in the new wave/hard rock style dedicated to whipping, slings, piss, piercing, leather, fist fucking and other garden variety late night activities.

The songs were all written by Dick Shine and Robert T. Rings, who, if they get their way, will someday be household names. A mixed chorus (men and boys) that sneaks into a few of the cuts, wishes to remain anonymous — which will play hell with the historians of music a hundred years hence when it's decided that this album is really secular music from a religious period dominant in the latter half of the 21st century.

It's the kind of album you give



your bottom if he's been a damn good boy — but get ready to hear it from his lips as well as the stereo, cause the lyrics and music are jingle-orientated, and all the right words are in all the right places.

My favorite is *This Guy's the Limit*, which sounds very much like "the sky's the limit," as it should be. It's a rock ballad and shows the lead singer's voice off to its best advantage.

The cover art is notable in itself, since the producers had it rejected by the first score of printers they solicited. You put the right words with the right pictures and they'll freak every time.



**FAG FUNNIES**  
(*Gay Comics is Redundant*)  
Two views of how we see ourselves surfaced at the wame time with the first issues of *Gay Comix* (published by Krupp Comic

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# ASTROLOGIC



**SAGITTARIUS S** (Nov. 22 – Dec. 21): Host a "Masochist Luau." Invite several other Tops to bring their Bottoms.

**SAGITTARIUS M:** Get your soda-straw from your Top Host and kneel with the other Bottoms around the esepool. (You're so sick.)

**CAPRICORN S** (Dec. 22 – Jan. 20): Watch your diet. Get some quiet. Get ready to try it. Or the next full moon, something you said you'd never do, you will in fact eat.

**CAPRICORN M:** Stroll into an anti-smoking convention. Light up a big stogie and take it like a man. After that foreplay, for a good time, call Fred Halsted.

**AQUARIUS S** (Jan. 21 – Feb. 19): Call Born-Again and Star-Crossed Eldridge Cleaver (collect) in L.A. where he is marketing "Cleavers," the pants with the codpiece. Tell clever Cleaver that leather men have been wearing this style for years. Trust your lucky stars, but still don't identify yourself.

**AQUARIUS M:** Wrap your head in Ace bandages and read either If You Meet the Buddha on the Road, Kill Him, or Malcolm Boyd's latest gay religion book: Are You Running with Me, Jesus, or Just Breathing Hard?

**PISCES S** (Feb. 20 – Mar. 20): Shaving slaves is fine, but if you're in no hurry, try using tweezers, removing it one hair at a time.

**PISCES M:** The above trip takes longer but like the origin of the species, great things take a while to develop.

**ARIES S** (Mar. 21 – Apr. 19): In spring a young man's love turns fancy. Try topping a trick wearing Adidas and a Lacoste. Yeah, just try it. (But don't mess his hair.)

**ARIES M:** This spring Uranus should be in conjunction with whatever fits. (And you will have fits.)

**TAURUS S** (Apr. 20 – May 20): Put rocks in your M's red ruby boots.

**TAURUS M:** Ask your Top to take you dancing.

**GEMINI S** (May 21 – June 20): Both your heads, Gem, are so fucking vain that you sleep on mylar sheets. Get control of your selves.

**GEMINI M:** As an exercise in discipline, try to come while pretending you're bound and gagged and living in Orange County. (The gagging should be easy.)

**CANCER S** (June 21 – July 21): Do your damndest to discover how to get into the most secret of macho leather clubs. Clue: It's based in SFO. DRUMMER knows all, but can tell nothing.

**CANCER M:** On Good Friday, hang around from noon till three. Then sing "The Alleluia Chorus." With feeling.

**LEO S** (July 22 – Aug. 21): Your rising sign indicates you should arrange a prison tour of a local juvenile facility. Dress up like a good citizen. Let your sign rise further.

**LEO M:** At heart, you're a chicken-hawk masochist who hates to travel. This month, double your displeasure. Take a Greyhound to Oklahoma and taunt the new Teen-age Chapter of the KKK (especially founded to take care of maniacs like you).

**VIRGO S** (Aug. 22 – Sept. 22): Cater to your domesticity. For a classic asshole-puckering experience, feed your slave alum brownies.

**VIRGO M:** Grease the brownie pan. Grease your brownie hole. Put a knife under the bed to cut the pain. Object: fistcuffs.

**LIBRA S** (Sept. 23 – Oct. 22): Keep your balance. Shatter your M's cliches about what a one-sided Top you are. String yourself up. Work yourself over. Make him watch. Tell him to eat his heart out.

**LIBRA M:** Tell your Top to fuck off. Get the extra set of tit clamps, put them on your own nipples, and watch Charlie's Angels. That's P-A-I-N.

**SCORPIO S** (Oct. 23 – Nov. 21): Be meaner. Take your scumbag M to a Punk Rock concert. Safety-pin him into position in the front row facing the audience.

**SCORPIO M:** Quickly learn the difference between s/m games and "getting punked." Forget your rubber duck and learn how, when they're thrown, to duck rubbers.

—by Aristide

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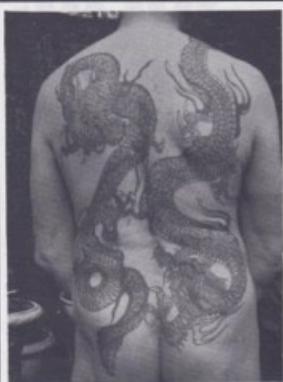


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"I would like to thank all those hot fuckers who answered my Drumbeats ad and saw my Tough Customer photo in issue No. 33.

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Photos worth a couple possibilities, despite the fact that Ed claims things have been slow in Boston this summer. Tell him how you'd speed 'em up. Ed, 33, Pond Ave., Brookline, MA 02146.



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# DRUMMER KEY CLUB

It's about time that we had a club of our own. And not just a club, but the kind of place that the fun-seeking sensualist in you has been searching for. There are a lot of things you could join — Disco, Encounter Clubs, Glory-Hole Clubs — the DRUMMER KEY CLUB is none of these. We have taken the concept of a place where OUR people can enjoy themselves: well-run, friendly, exciting and inexpensive and come up with a concept you can't resist.

Memberships in many places can cost you anywhere from a few thousand dollars and about all you get is the privilege of paying five to fifteen dollars at the door for admission. People like to associate with their own kind and are usually charged considerable for that right.

Ours is a different concept. We are expanding the Leather Fraternity, including all its privileges and benefits, and adding a great new Club to use. Our first will be in San Francisco, where we are. Cost stays the same — \$60 — which is less than most Disco memberships.

What do you get for your sixty bucks?

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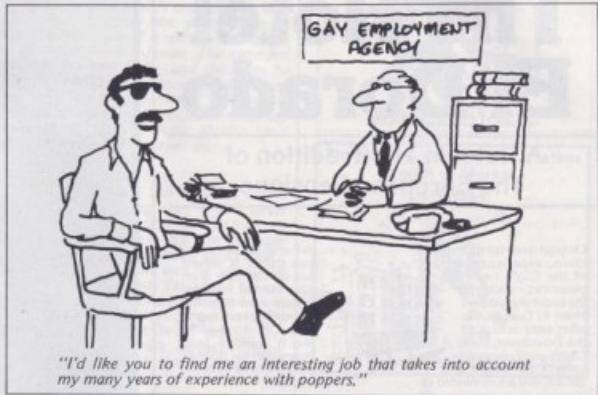
# DRUMMER'S BOOKS

## THE INCURABLES

Two titles that have promised, from their advance publicity, to be noteworthy are going to strike a strange chord in the gay marketplace. Mark Nicholls' *The Importance of Being Oscar* (St. Martin's, \$10.95) is a witty and engrossing examination of the incurable dandy, Oscar Wilde. Brief on boring biographical data from the cradle, Nicholls has gone straight for the gut of what made Wilde a household word — his often scandalous ability to say the right thing at the right time. But *straight* is the clue word here, Nicholls may be, and who cares; but his dismissal of Wilde's homosexuality as a sideline and his lack of understanding about the creative process make him a much better anthologist than a biographer. In this day and age it's amazing to think that any intelligent person would have the lack of understanding displayed by Nicholls in dealing with Wilde's sex life. Chalk it up to selective vision! Wilde was the genius he was because of his homosexuality, not in spite of it.

There is nothing wrong with Gilbert H. Herdt's *Guardians of the Flutes* that a co-author couldn't cure. This important and myth-shattering study of ritual homosexuality among the Sambia in the South Pacific has already circulated among the academic community, where it has been received with the highest praise. McGraw-Hill, who is bringing out this book (October, \$17.95) is going to be in the position of hosting a major work of importance to gays that will take, at least, academic dedication to get through. But remember, Herdt didn't really write for the general public. This study, subtitled *Idioms of Masculinity*, represents the first observation of this tribe. Herdt's style is free of the usual research jargon, and the reading can go very smoothly. The difficulty will come from a basic lack of understanding of the social anthropology framework Herdt worked and wrote under, and many readers will tire of the severe concentration involved. But if you want to go right to the root, this book is an absolute must. And culture-shattering material contained in the pages will not filter down to mass-market popularity for decades. In fact, Herdt may well mark the next revolution in contemporary social anthropology.

It had to happen. Rod McKuen has turned from greeting card illusionary verse to the collection of material contained in his latest book, *The Power Bright and Shining: Images of My Country*; nationalist claptrap. That McKuen received the 1978 Carl Sandburg Award was hard enough for anyone seriously interested in poetry to accept; that a major house would bring out this apple strudel of rehashed metaphors is a sad commentary on the plight of honest poets everywhere. But the publishers (Simon and Schuster, \$9.95) are no



— from *Le Gay Ghetto* by Charles Ortley and Richard Flala, St. Martin's Press, \$3.95, trade paperback.

fools — McKuen sells. And he sells big. And his concerts sell out. And he's a guaranteed money-maker. But so is soap

and gasoline and floor polish and pantyhose. And McKuen fit somewhere in there amazingly well.

— Charles R. Musgrave

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# THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

By Larry Townsend

Dear Larry —

I've recently met this terrific "S," but we've got one problem. He has this big German Shepherd, and he wants to let the dog fuck me. I guess he's done it with a number of guys before. I absolutely don't dig the idea, but I don't want to lose the rest of the relationship. What should I do?

No dog lover

Dear No Dogs —

I'm with you, and I've got to add that this is one of the few sexual areas where I find it hard to be objective. I've heard it argued that it isn't hurting either the man or the dog, that both enjoy it, etc. However, I feel that the practice is akin to taking advantage of a child or other incompetent. Nor am I an animal-hater. At this moment, I have two Dobermanns (or is that Doberpersons?). Whatever the idea of using either of them for sexual purposes is simply repulsive to me. I think you have a perfect right to feel as you do in this situation; after all, we leather guys are entitled to our moral reservations the same as anyone else. Discuss it with your "S," and in doing so you might remind him that these "moral judgments" exist for him, as well. He doesn't molest children, does he? He doesn't deliberately injure his Ms., or burn his neighbor's house down because the guy offends him. He probably pays his bills and holds the door open for a woman. These are all the results of his own moral and ethical standards. Remind him that you also have a right to yours . . . to your limits as an M, if nothing else.

Dear Larry,

One of the big leather fantasies is to make it with a trucker, but almost all the truck drivers I've seen are so fucking ugly I can't imagine anyone getting turned on by them. Why all the big deal over them?

Disappointed in Truckstops

Dear Truckstops,  
I think that the cruising of truck stops has become such a common game that most of the people who make out in

them end up doing it with other non-truckers who came there for the same reason. Of course, there is always the hope (however forlorn) that one will encounter that one, perfect example of handsome, sexy, willing trucker. That's one side of the coin, probably the most commonly experienced. The other side involves the guy who is enough of a true masochist to enjoy the degradation of sucking the cock of a really unattractive (and/or dirty-sweaty) man. The more het the guy appears to be, and the more he derides his "queer cocksucker" the more fulfilling the M experience. However, I can recall a wonderful experience of my own in Tucumcari, New Mexico. But that, as they say, is another story.

Dear Mr. Townsend, Sir!

I am a complete and total m. I have never been anything else, and I never want to be. The big problem for me is to let the topmen know that I'm available and interested in them. Many times I see a guy in a bar, and I'm sure he would be just right for me, but I'm afraid to say anything to him, because it might be too pushy a thing for a slave to do. I mean, I could do it without being real pushy, like buying him a drink, or just offering to buy him a drink. If I am real respectful about it, do you think it is okay for me to do this?

Completely humble slave

Yes.

Dear Larry —

I have a good friend who is very heavy into all kinds of action — also drugs, unfortunately, but he talks all the time about wanting to be castrated. He has big fantasies about being tied down so he can't move and after all the punishment and stuff, to have his balls cut off. He's been making such a thing of it recently that I'm afraid he is really going to find some guy to do it to him. I don't think there is anything I can do, but if there is I'll certainly do it. If I could just understand the reason for my friend's strange desire I might at least be able to talk to him.

A worried friend

Dear Friend —

To explain, academically, your friend's problem is not very difficult. In Freudian terms, he is expressing a manifest desire, as opposed to the latent desires we are used to observing in most people. That is to say, the things many of us do in our sex practices are symbolic (latent) expressions of what we really (manifestly) want to do. These latent expressions are a tension-relieving (and more or less "healthy") safety valve to keep us from committing the destructive acts that we subconsciously wish to do. Your friend has simply run out of acceptable substitutes — or thinks he has. I agree that there is probably not very much you can do, short of persuading him to seek some professional help. You might take some comfort in the fact that this castration complex bears a close kinship to a suicidal type of personality, in that the talkers are often achieving the release (or gaining the attention) they need without actually doing it. Keep talking



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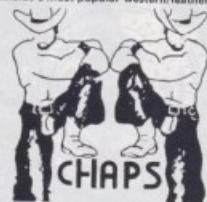


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## THE ENDUP

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to him, and if you can push him into some kind of counseling situation that's about the best you can do.

Dear Larry —

In an earlier column you had some things to say about traveling in Europe. My friend and I are going to Southern Germany and Switzerland in January and February. We already know about the ski places in the Alps, but we understand there is a big festival or something in Munich. Any pointers?

Jay from NYC

Dear Jay —

As the winter winds blow down off the Alps, the Bavarians enter into a crazy and wonderful season called *Fasching*, which coincides with the *Mardi Gras*, time wise. Don't miss it! In Munich, try to get hotel reservations at the *Deutsche Eiche*, Reichenbachstr. 13. The bars are: The Ochsenugarten, The Eagle, and The Black Jail. Anyone at the D.E. can direct you. Have a ball — have two!

Dear Larry —

I am a man in my mid-forties. I am uncircumcised, and have been advised by a doctor friend (not my regular G.P.) to have it done, because he says I run a higher risk of cancer and prostate trouble than a man who is circumcised. From reading your stories and articles I know that you are very much against "circumcision as a matter of course," and I wonder if you have any information you would care to share with me?

Uncircumcised in Omaha

Dear Uncircumcised —

As I am sure you must realize, I am not a medical doctor and therefore cannot advise you on this sort of question. I do recall a conversation I had some time ago with an M.D. friend (an older gentleman with many years of practice). He seemed to feel that the statistical incidence of cancer within the genital area was slightly higher for uncircumcised men, but seemed to have some doubts that the difference was enough to be significant (again from a statistical standpoint). He did add, however, that he had never heard of a case of cancer of the penis occurring in a circumcised man (which is not to say it has never happened). I really can't tell you much more than this. As you know, my admiration of the foreskin is more from an aesthetic and sexually functional standpoint than anything else. I don't know why your doctor friend made the suggestion to you; maybe he knows something you and I do not. Why don't you consult a specialist, and see if there is any reason for concern. I'd hate to see another good skin fall into the dust for no good reason.

Dear Larry —

Is there any relationship between the sport of boxing and the S&M lifestyle? If not, in your opinion, can there be one? I think there could be, in that both involve physical pain and humiliation, the use of leather, a great deal of hostility, energy and aggressiveness. I am really turned on to boxing, and also have a "fetish" for boxing gloves. I had expected many members of the leather fraternity to be involved in boxing, but my ads in DRUM-

MER and other magazines netted only four replies, and of these only one was serious.

In the dark in Nevada

Dear Nevada —

You pose an interesting question and hypothesis — one that I must admit I have not thought about before. From a strictly logical standpoint, there certainly should be a relationship — at least as far as the leather, sweat, physical exertion are concerned. As to the hostility and aggressiveness, I wonder. Haven't you found in your own S&M contacts that the aggressiveness, and certainly the hostility, is often more feigned than real? (I think both are definitely genuine in the ring.) I also wonder if the missing element of bondage might not mark another important point of divergence. In my own experience(s) I have only run across one guy who was interested in being punched, and most others are much less turned on by being "punished" by the bare (or gloved) hand than they are by belts, whips, or other artificial scourges. (The over-the-knees spanking devotee being the only marked exception to this, but I think that is far removed from a boxing situation.) Maybe your own failure to get substantial responses to your ads should answer the question. At any rate, I would be happy to hear from other people on this subject, and will pass on their feelings and comments. Let's hear it for the boxers!

Dear Larry —

I don't know if you'll want to answer this, because it gets into race and maybe that's a sensitive subject. But I just wonder, being black (really more of a cafe au lait brown) myself, whether you think there is a "color line" within the S&M community. I'm in my late twenties, considered pretty good looking, but I don't always make out too well in the leather-bars, and I wonder if it's because of my race.

Jack in San Diego

Dear Jack —

Because leatherguys, like any other group of gay men, come from every conceivable background — social level, geographic area, and ethnic origin, I am sure that the variety of prejudices and feelings of "social distance" are going to exist within our community much as they do anywhere else. You are going to find people who reject you for your race, many (probably most) who don't care, and some who are attracted to you because of it. As to your striking out sometimes in the bars — well, this happens to all of us. I don't care how good looking a guy may be, there are going to be nights when he goes home alone. Many times this is due to his own rejection of the guys who turn on to him, but that's life. By and large, I have seen more efforts to accept black guys (and other racial minorities, as well) by the organized groups in the leather community than otherwise, by far. Frankly, I think you are probably much better off than an unattractive white guy. I also wonder if you are restricting your activities to San Diego. The last time I was there, I couldn't find anything that I'd call a leatherbar.

# CONRAP

## CHRISTMAS PACKAGES FOR PRISONERS

The United States Mission, a Service Outreach located in San Francisco, is sending Christmas packages to prisoners. They have mailed over 700 packages in the past eight years and their prison outreach (primarily to gay prisoners) continues to expand. The Christmas packages include: cigarettes, games, candy, nuts, cookies, stationery, and toiletries. If you are interested in donating any of the Christmas package items send your donation to The United States Mission, P.O. Box 6437, San Francisco, CA 94101 (Note: prison regulations require that all tobacco and food items be factory produced, packaged and sealed).

## PRISON RESOURCES

NATIONAL GAY TASK FORCE  
80 Fifth Avenue  
New York, NY 10011

The NGTF has been doing work concerning rape, health care, harassment, verbal abuse, suppression of gay-related literature, educational program, rehabilitation and other living conditions of gay prisoners. They are also trying to increase public awareness of the penal system.

FORTUNE SOCIETY  
229 Park Avenue South  
New York, NY 10003

This is one of the first organizations to work with prisoners. They offer housing, employment and personal counseling to thousands of prisoners every year. They also publish a newsletter entitled *Fortune News*.

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION  
132 West 43rd Street  
New York, NY 10036

They offer a variety of services to men and women in prison and also send their booklet *Rights Of Prisoners* free to prisoners.

FRIENDS OUTSIDE  
140 Church Street  
San Francisco, CA 94114

This is a community non-profit organization working with families of prisoners in the city and county jails, state and federal prisons and newly released offenders. They provide employment counseling and placement and arrange for housing, free clothing and food in emergencies.

POLICE PAROLE AND PROBATION PROGRAM  
L.A. Gay Community Services Center  
Box 38777  
Los Angeles, CA 90038

A variety of programs are offered by this organization in Los Angeles.

PUBLICATIONS  
GAYCON PRESS NEWSLETTER, 1200

Haight Street, No. 9, San Francisco, CA 94117. GAYCON PRESS is a newsletter of interest to all gay prisoners and those interested in the plight of gays in prison. Free to prisoners and \$6 per year for non-prisoners.

GAY INSURGENT, Box 2337, Philadelphia, PA 19103. This publication comes out three times a year and is intended for a highly literate audience of gay activists. Free copies for prisoners.

## RAPE IN PRISON

An organization has been founded to fight the problem of rape in prison. The organization is called PEOPLE ORGANIZED TO STOP RAPE OF IMPRISONED PERSONS (POSRI). They are fighting rape, sexual assaults, unconscious sexual slavery and forced prostitution in the prison context. POSRI was founded by Russell Smith, one of the original Marion Brothers. If you are interested in receiving their newsletter send \$2.75 to: POSRI, P.O. Box 3001, St. Louis, MO 63130.

I am a white male, 24, 5'10", 155 lbs., and will answer all letters. Wesley Johnson, No. 055448, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

I am 32 years old and gay. Currently serving time on death row here in Texas. I would like to hear from anyone that has the time to write. Dalton L. Williams, 246572, Ellis Unit J-21 Wing, Huntsville, TX 77340.

I am a 27-year-old gay (fem) that would like to receive mail from masculine free gays. I love sex and would consider a sex change when released from prison. Jewel Larsen, 149356, 777 W. Riverside Drive, Ionia, MI 48846.

I am a 35-year-old gay serving a life sentence in Nevada. I love tennis, writing, art and sex. Would like to hear from my gay brothers on the outside. Jim McMichael, POB 607 NNCC, Carson City, NV 89701.

I am a 30-year-old bi prisoner serving time here in Salem. I am into body building, baseball and fast cars. I weigh 180 lbs. and am considered goodlooking. Drop me a line. Vic Byrd, 40258, 2605 State Street, Salem, OR 97310.

I am a 23-year-old black male (feminine). I enjoy chess and would love to correspond with anyone in the free world. Charles Whittington, 83803 LSP Camp J Cuda 1-K Angola, LA 70712.

A regular DRUMMER reader would like to hear from guys out there. George T. Perkins, B-49536, Rm. 1256, Box A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

(continued on page 85)

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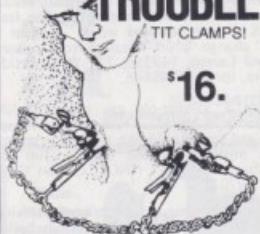
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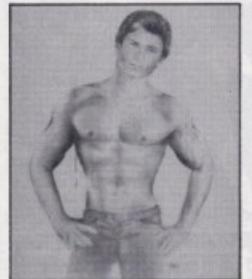


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## DRUMMER views the Flicks



Bruno Ganz (right) as the victimized Hoffman in *Knife in the Head* limps alongside his lawyer (Hans Christian Blech).

### KNIFE IN THE HEAD

The "New German Cinema," often credited with spearheading the current esthetic revival in world cinema, has produced some genuinely brilliant and yet dark, disturbing films. The films of Rainer Werner Fassbinder and Werner Herzog, for example, often examine the bitter, some times violent struggle of the individual wrestling with the society around him, a society trying to rebuild itself. This is Existentialism at its most basic, most human level, and the stuff of some very powerful filmmaking.

One such film is the 1978 Reinhard Hauff film *Knife In The Head* (*Messer im Kopf*). In it, Bertolt Hoffman, respected biogeneticist and skilled violinist, is a man beset by a kind of frenzied angst of suicidal proportion (the opening line in the film is, "An American in my situation would just start shooting out the window."). At emotional rock-bottom, he runs to a youth center where his estranged wife Ann works as sort of den mother to a group of leftist radicals. His misfortune: in a police raid on the center, Hoffman is shot in the head. The wound leaves him a near-vegetable — his memory, his speech, and most of his psycho-motor skills are destroyed. The young leftists begin to use Hoffman, portraying him as a martyred victim of police brutality. The police, in turn, portray the apolitical Hoffman as a dangerous terrorist, shot while attacking a police officer with a knife. Hoffman himself doesn't know; he has no memory

of the circumstances of his shooting. He begins the painstaking process of reconstructing himself, attempting to recreate the life that has been destroyed and abused.

In the final segment of Hoffman's process of reconstructing himself, he confronts Schurig, the young policeman who shot him, and the two reenact the crime, reversing roles. Schurig takes a knife, Hoffman a gun. For Hoffman the scene becomes the last step in his process of rediscovery of who he is.

In the role of Hoffman, Bruno Ganz gives one of the most stunning performances ever captured on film. His performance becomes the study of rage, childish mischievousness, hopelessness, and essential confusion in a man who has lost (or rather, has had destroyed) his very identity and rejects those being imposed on him by outsiders, wanting and needing desperately to know himself for himself. His performance is constantly believable, never showy.

In the end, this film is a wonderfully moving study of the individual directly and obviously threatened by the events and circumstances threatening him; a study of that individual's discovery of the uses of his own energies and powers to combat and thwart those events. It is Alec in *Clockwork Orange* overcoming the society that has created/destroyed him; it is Hamlet overcoming his own powerlessness. And in 1980, *Knife In The Head* speaks to us all.

— Hank Trout

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**SAN FRANCISCO**, Cancer, 36, 5'10", 130 lbs., white, bearded bottom for rim/scat. Beard or mustache a must. No age or race restrictions. Box 101SF.

**PIGS WANTED**  
San Francisco. Two hot pig farmers, both w/m. S: 37, 5'8", 140 lbs., 7" cut; M: 40, 5'11", 165 lbs., 8" cut. Have sty, toys, FFA, WS, enemas, tits, ass eating and other games. Photos get photo, Write Troy, Box 31701, S.F., CA 94131. No scat.

**LATRINE DUTY**  
San Francisco bottom, 36, 6'3", 165 lbs., 8% uncut, looking for white/beigert leather master for toilet initiation, used to do as latrine, play with my cocks sucker dry also, into levis and leather, bondage, shaving, recycled beer from cheesy uncut cocks, Box 562.

**NORWALK**, S looking for 18-30 who is willing to serve and can take what I dish out. I am 23, 5'6", 125 lbs, Box 706.

Hairy guy into raunchy jock straps, white and hairy leather. Digs having his crotch licked and his boots pissed on. Am 6', 155 lbs., 8", white, 32. Photo on jock strap and leather jacket a must. Box 967.

**S/M**, Hot, handsome, experienced leather master seeks together man to serve me as slave and MC buddy rider. I am W/M, 28, 5'11", 130 lbs., black hair, mustache, blue eyes, 8" cut, double LEO w/white inside. Ass driving. You are w/m, 24-40, goodlooking, 5'5" to 5'11", hot hungry ass for long hot sessions, willing, loyal, submissive nature, trim beard and mustache preferred. Must be employed or financially independent. Photo of me and body. Come down to the seat of my motorcycle and warm his ass with my belt and fill his hole with masterpiece and then fuck the hell out of his asshole with my hot experienced hands. Think you can serve a real Master? Send a signed letter of experience with photo and phone to Sir Calvin Martin, P.O. Box 1481, San Francisco, CA 94101.

**KINKY FILTHY HOT**  
31, 5'7", 130 lbs., w/m looking for hot, totally uninhibited guy, w/uncut mutual play. Am mostly Master, but can switch with right person or play both simultaneously. Into S&M, B&D, W/S, scat. Leather, wet and raunchy Levis and jock straps, outdoor scenes, exhibitionism, FF, to give, receive or receive. Spreading, fingering, boots, some rubber. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 162.

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**SAN FRANCISCO**, Master, w, 25, 5'11", 180 lbs., visiting Frisco next summer. Wants to meet willing slave into prolonged bondage rope, ride, male S&M, 20-30 years old, strong, trim, good-looking, want to show me the city by day and at night submit to bondage. NO drugs, fat, men, scat. If too much body hair, it will have to come off. Send photo. Box 683.

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**SM**, 35, 5'8", 165 lbs., semi-muscular, 6% cut, looking for masculine, aggressive men, 25-45, 5'8" or taller, under 200 lbs. Looking for men into trying new things. Box 256.

**SAN FRANCISCO MASTER**, 41, 5'9", 140 lbs., experienced in bondage, FF, WS, boots, S&M. Respectful of limits, willing to experiment. Fully equipped game room, Box 239.

**THE RULE IS:** Do as you're told or S, 45, 6'3", 170 lbs. requires hairy or pierced M, 20-50. Box 679.

**PALM SPRINGS**, M, 34, 6'2", 180 lbs., desires S who is dominant in mind as well as body. Levis/leather in turn, Box 902.

**SLAVE DANNY**  
**LOS ANGELES AREA**: I am more experienced in bondage, FF, domination, and will submit to tortures, photo, striping, photography, to you, Sir, or to groups. I need a Master to be pleased with and proud of me. Box 35.

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**SAN FRANCISCO** w/m, 41, 6', 170 lbs., wants action not talk. FF (top), whipping, fucking, sucking, heavy tit work. Box 677.

**SAN FRANCISCO**, M, 5'5%", 140 lbs, 40, new to leather world, seeks w/m, 25-40, to show the way. Must respect limits; no scat, shaving or piercing. Box 783.

**CHAIN ME UP**  
For the weekend. Don't let me see your face. Shave my head before you hold me. Cover my shaved, belt-marked body with piss & hot wax. Give me nothing to eat but piss & cum (maybe even my own). I need imaginative Master who respects my limits. San Francisco, 44, 6', 170 lbs., w/m, Box 840.

**SAN FRANCISCO HOT S**, 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., 8%, looking for young intelligent macho footlocking cockslapping slave into sit position. B&D, FF, S&M, or whatever else I demand. Applications will be considered with photo. Ken, Box 695.

**SAN FRANCISCO MASTER** to work over you. Hairy, bearded, crew-cut, erotic painter, 30 to 40, w/m, 200 lbs. Solid 210 lbs., eye-coach expects obedience, doggy work, 6% cut, blue eyes, 8'10" sexual athlete, 52, wants macho partners who know how to serve. Only mentally & emotionally steady jocks seeking involvement in total domination, pain, pleasure, binding, slave switching possible with right MAN. Strong preference for hairy, deadbed, tattooed truckers and bikers looking for good hot times. South of Market. Mellow scenes possible too. Enjoy meet of all ages. Willing to travel, no geographic limits but sm firm. Push as far as partner's experience permits. For inspection and interview, reply with frank letter and recent photo. Box 493.

**HOLLYWOOD**, M, 44, 5'6", 130 lbs., looking to try anything with the right Master. Prefer w/m, 35-55 in leather, Levi, jockstrap. Box 392.

**SAN FRANCISCO**. Hot bearded stud, 38, 5'9", 6'6", 165 lbs., cut white, into bodybuilding, backpacking and disco. Enjoy leather, military and western attitude. Sexual interests include cocks and body worship, oil, movies, j/o, enemas, rimming, w/m, anal spit, etc. No bi's, no casuals. Friend B&D (no bi's but interested), No scat and limited pain mixed equally with affection. Prefer slightly dominant, adventurous but level-headed partner(s). No fats or fems. Answer with photo for HOT reply. Box 784.

**HAYWARD**, S, 28, 5'11", 160 lbs., 8% cut, muscular, goodlooking, looking for attractive, well built guys who are versatile and responsive. No fats, fems, flabby, older out of shape. Should have good build and be into leather, levis or uniforms. Box 402.

**GERMAN SLAVE** 30/6'/180 available for use/abuse in December 80. Need real hard and tough leather-master. Frank Seifert, Postfach, 1000 Berlin 62, West Germany.

**APO/SF**, SM, 35, 5'8", 165 lbs., semi-masculine, short hair, return to the States in April '80. Looking for aggressive, masculine, 25-45, with willingness to try new things. No fats, fms. Box 256.

**SIR! W/m slave, 33, 5'11", 150 lbs., 7" cut, trim beard and mustache** seeks Master for serious training. Am obedient, respectful, quick learner, goodlooking, masculine and need to be brought to my knees. See photo. Bob, 256, P. Street, San Jose, CA 95014. Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Can travel.

**W/m, masculine, hairy hunk, 49, 6'3", 235 lbs., virile, experienced, wants** Frisco study send me my size 30 and other info to play body contacts. One on one possible California bodybuilders, cowboys, leathermen, etc. reply to Box 170.

**SAN FRANCISCO**, goodlooking, uncultured stud. Seeks dominant butch uniform. SS or Gestapo types for head trips, discipline, submission, mad doctor C.B. Witchcraft and a few other outrageous farout things that we will talk about. Aroma, etc. No one who doesn't know where his head is. Please, Sir. Box 167.

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**LOS ANGELES**, M, w/m, 34, 5'7", smooth, slim, good body, 100 lbs., intelligent, goodlooking m looking for intelligent men. NEED to serve my man and expect Master. Only the limitations my Master has for you. Especially like to service others for you, I need to be me to properly serve YOU. Box 280.

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**LOS ANGELES**, 40s, stocky hairy body, shaved head wants burn warmers and warmers for long, reciprocal spanking, tit-pinchin, enemas, and more. Prefer mature, clean non-smokers who'd rather do it than talk about it, want to expand limits for both of us. Box 709.

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Big-titted stud seeks big worked-on nipples. Box 19.

**LOS ANGELES**, S, 45, 5'7", 135 lbs., solid, masculine stud, 7" cut, looking for masculine, slender or muscular women, white. Not interested in fucking anything I wouldn't walk down the street with. Box 667C.

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**QUEST**: Emerging M, 39, w/short rust hair, ramble-looking, 5'11", 142 lbs., game 6½", clean-shaven, slim, good mind, masculine, ready to do more than dabble. Needs an intelligent, experienced Master, 35-45 or so, to lead the way. The body's hot and requires some thoughtful training. Some body control potential. No scat, extreme pain, heavy drugs/drinking. I'm newish to this world but know I belong. Do you read me, Sir(s)? Live central CT. Photo appreciated but not essential. Box 680.

S, 30, 5'11", 180 lbs., husky, hairy, 6 cut, masculine, firm; seeks clean-cut slave, 18-35, white, slim or muscular, into bondage and discipline, toys, willing to serve and obey. Box 257.

**STAMFORD** S with bull whip requires total obedience. Have 9½" to forcefeed your mouth or ass. Only interested in real men over 20. Box 579.

**SM**, 45, 6'3", 190 lbs., 8" cut, well-used ass; looking for tall, well-built, well hung studs. Box 965.

#### DIST. OF COLUMBIA

**WASHINGTON**, DC AREA, M, 38, 5'11", 160 lbs., 30" w., white, 6", runner/weighlighter. Well-built, lean, muscular. Interested in similar S for erotic S&M, B&D. Box 215.

**NEED TO BE CONTROLLED**? S, 6', 51", 185 lbs., will train slave any age with good body, firm buns. Masculine looks a must. Box 704.

#### FLORIDA

**SOUTHWEST FLORIDA**, S, 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., crewcut, construction worker into leather, levi's, boots biker, caps, arosa, etc. Likes kinky scenes. Am masculine and hung. Need service from masculine, cock hungry, pics thirsty dudes. Limited travel ok. Submit qualifications and photo to Box 315.

**FT. LAUDERDALE**, S, 43, 5'7½", 160 lbs., 7" cut, big balls and big hands looking for FF wide-receivers for three-ways with would-be slave. No scat or heavy pain trips. Demanding but considerate. Box 258.

**TALLAHASSEE** w/m, 24, 5'9", 165 lbs., wants to be trained to serve a master's needs. L/L, uniforms, harnesses. Box 474.

#### HAIRY MACHO MEN

If you're into funky, hot, sweaty sex and are hairy, rugged, rough masters; write me and tell me what you would do to me. This good I save can travel and can receive. Also specializing in WS, S&M, B&D, rimming, Fr and Gr with Mr. Right. Box 59.

Attractive, stable intelligent man, mid 20s, white, has been exploring sadomasochism several years; wants similar man to mid 30s for honest intimate sexual explorations. Must have come to an understanding that mutual exploration, support, respect and care are requisite to any real sadomasochistic encounter. Not looking for one fantasy fuck. Honest only with a sense of humor should reply. Confidential and expect the same. Central/South Florida. Prefer Top/bottom man, Box A37.

#### MOTORCYCLE COPS

Muscular hairy stud 6'165 lbs., wants to be trained with motorcycle cops and other MEN fans. Only boot/breath/uniform enthusiasts into disciplined scenes need reply. Discretion assured. Box 111F.

**FT. LAUDERDALE**, Masculine, goodlooking. Top and firm but gentle stud. Good candidates for stringent bondage with strict discipline administered according to subject's requirements. Box 814.

Want to eat from your dog bowl and have you riding crop, when you have uncut thick black balls, have a hairy ass for me to eat from and you are very strict in your demands, please contact me. I am 39, 5'10", 148 lbs., 9" uncut. Box 735.

#### GEORGIA

**HAIRY**, 155 lbs., 6'11", 29 w/m, into rimming, FF, sucking & fucking. Seeks same. Robbie, 98 Peachtree Place, Warner Robins, GA 31093.

**ATLANTA** MS, Aquarius, 34, 5'8" 135 lbs., white, good body, level head, experienced. Looking for men over 25 into B&D, suspension, tilt workouts and similar action. Able to take charge, but prefer not to. Respect for limits assumed, expansion by mutual consent. Box 714.

#### HAWAII

**HONOLULU**, SM, 42, 6'4", slender, a hairy, 6" cut, big balls. Top willing to experience being bottom. Very respectful, except male, 18-35, white, hung, clean. No fats, freaks, scat. Box 254.

#### IDAHO

**IDAHOT**, 26, leather, white, 6'1" 160 lbs., blonde/hazel, 7" cut, good-looking. Hot to learn with other goodlooking guys, 18-30s, with same, bigger or thicker cocks. Travel Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Montana. No fats, fems, scat. Box 807.

#### TRAVELING DOMINANT

S, 36, 5'11", 200 lbs., husky, 7" cut, looking for willing bottoms or intelligent tops (switch for trustworthy master). Into toys, groups, bondage; am always horny. No fats, fems, WS, drugs or heavy pain. Interested in possible vacation/ski bud-dies. Box 18.

#### ILLINOIS

**WANTED**: Writer needs input for story "tellin". Der Fiedermann says "Fido" and "Fido's". Please tell me the S&M "do's" and "don'ts". Brian O'Hara, 4321 W. 95th St., Oak Lawn, IL 60453.

**CHICAGO**, Aries, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs, muscular, 5' dominant and knowledgeable, 9" cut. Handsome bodybuilder knows how to give orders, knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fats. Box 418.

**CHICAGO**, 31, 5'9", 145 lbs., white slave seeks Black Master who likes to whip and fuck a hot white ass and likes to have a white slave mouth suck & rim his hot Black cock, ass, and balls and likes to hogtie and piss on a white slave. P.O. Box 6348, Chicago, IL 60680.

**SPRINGFIELD**, S, 54, 5'8", 160 lbs, looking for slave, 21-50, white only. Am experienced, respectful of limits; but can be either extremely sadistic or gentle, based on slaves endurance. Must be clean. Box 382.

**EVANSTON**, S, Scorpio, 48, 5'11", 170 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable; am on high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong in mind. Multi-cultural students. Master wears rubber boots for leather slaves. Limits respected, no drugs. Bert, 2423 Ridgeview Ave., Evanston, IL 60201.

**MASTER LOOKING FOR SLAVE**  
Who will take care of my home. Will be kept naked and shaved. Must be into light S&M, B&D, WS. Must like to jog, swim, and bike. 18-35 and under 6'. Will help relocate. Send photo with letter, Box 314.

#### INDIANA

**ATTENTION SLAVE**  
Indianapolis Master, 37, demands a permanent, total slave! Master is very demanding and experienced. Heavy S&M and B&D. Total servitude, slave must be ready to serve completely. My slave must be capable of being the world's best slave. Box 752.

**INDIANAPOLIS**, M, 49, 5'10", 170 lbs., 6½", white, inexperienced. Will make up in obedience what I lack in experience. Seeks sincere, understanding and knowledgeable Master to bring out the best in me. Will try anything once. Can travel to surrounding states. No blood and no scat. Photo please, Box 633.

#### KENTUCKY

**LEXINGTON**, S, 38, 5'11", 175 lbs, 6½", white, seeking obedient, willing, masculine slave, 21-40, for mutual satisfaction. Firm but respects limits. Must have firm body and have your head on. If you are ready, write now. Box 986, Lexington, KY 40588.

#### LOUISIANA

**NEW ORLEANS**, S, 32, 5'10", 175 lbs., seeking obedient, willing, masculine slave, 21-40, for mutual satisfaction. Firm but respects limits. Apply with photo. No fats or fems. Reply SIR. Box 806.

**MONROE**, 33, white, 6', 175 lbs, seeks w/m, 25-40. Am primarily M into father/son type discipline with bondage. Will assume S role for proper M. Box 332.

#### MAINE

Have a fantasy? Want it to come true? Two bearded dudes from northern Maine woods into all scenes: groups, FF, WS, JO, tilt and ball torture, bondage, voyeurism, smokes and aromatherapy, not for kinky action. Come visit, write or call. Our photo gets ours. Les Oubliebous sont surtout les bienvenus. Box 796.

#### MARYLAND

**BALTIMORE AREA**, M, novice, 5'11", 180 lbs., 6' cut, seeks sincere, understanding and knowledgeable master to bring out ability to serve. Am willing, obedient, and eager to learn. Some US travel. Box 128.

**BALTIMORE** or **WASHINGTON DC** SM (same trailer) into L/L, WS, CBT/T, B&D, strap, FFA, no scat. Apply with picture stating desires. Frequent visitor to Chicago, L.A., SF, Box 855.

**HAGERSTOWN**, W/M, 35, 6'1", 170 lbs., bodybuilder looking for other masculine well-built bodies. Must be totally male, Box 36.

#### MASSACHUSETTS

**NOVICE** w/m, 24, needs Master. Into all scenes except anal. Need a man who will train my body and mind to satisfy his, Sir. Box 985.

**CAPE COD**, S, 52, 6', Taurus, 200 lbs., well-muscled, tough, uncut, into B&D, WS, shaving, FF, and all kinds of sports. Seeks white slave, 18-40, totally submissive, for prolonged term service. No drugs, fats, or fems. Must be able to endure moderate to heavy pain, ball torture, tilt piercing, prolonged immobilization, butt a-busting, tickle whipping. No crybabies. I am looking for a serious slave who craves punishment, abuse, humiliation, and expects nothing but pain, torment, and discomfort in return. Box 790.

**BOSTON**, Bearded w/m, mid-30s, 6'6", white, and attractive, 5'9", 175 lbs, uncut, muscular, body turned on by tit work, w/s, ass work, and foot licking. Seeks men of same interests. Willing to expand. Box 840.

#### FIND IT IN DRUMBEATS

**EXPERIENCED TOPMAN**, 46, 5'9", 160 lbs., seeks L/L partners over 25. Beards or moustaches a plus. Box 721.

## MICHIGAN

**WAYNE COUNTY AREA**, white slave, 21, needs Master. Any race, any age, into anything and everything. No limits. You call all the shots. Ready and willing. Sir. Box 826.

**DETROIT** - Muscular rower, 33 wants to fuck, daylights, do what you like. 18-25 required. Must have intense desire to be ridden long and hard. Take instruction in swallowing this gift to its root. Interest in jocks, tank suits, good smoke, outdoor action, piss, a plus. Hairy hunk young bottom. 22. Photo a must, gets prime. Box 899.

Bottom, straight acting/appearing, in S&M, B&D, etc., sincere, intelligent, wants a like Top looking for adaptable partner. Leather, vinyl, cut, etc. Young, looking 41, 5'9", 145 lbs., 7% uncut, tight hairy slim body. In good shape, expect same. No one-nighters, fats or fems. Photos exchanged. Box 1571, Dearborn, MI 48121.

**NORTHERN MICHIGAN FLEXIBLE MASTER** seeks adaptable partner into weekend bondage and discipline sessions in wilderness setting. Limits respected. Confidentiality assured and expected. All replies considered. Box 1521.

**TAYLOR, MS.** Capricorn, 24, 5'10", 165 lbs., white, 6'1", novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally. Box 261.

**DETROIT** w/m, 34, 5'6", 135 lbs., good body, hairy and hairy (especially thick) needs hunky deep throats and hot and wild receptive ears with good tight bodies to age 40. FF, bondage, toys and good times. No fats or fems. Here or there. Photo preferred. Box 351, Farmington, MI 48024.

**SOUTHLICK**, 46, 6', 160 lbs., German S, muscular, 7% uncut; seeks novice who would be interested in exploring and growing; with limited experience. No drugs, fats, fems. Hairless body, tight physique a plus. Box 468.

**ANN ARBOR**, SM, 39, 5'7", 165 lbs., 6% cut, semi-muscular, seeks adaptable partner, 40-45. 165 is semi-cut, 7% uncut, not afraid to give and take risks. Into Levi leather. No pain, dirt, fats, or emotional problems. Box 204.

## MINNESOTA

**TOILET FACE SITTING MINNEAPOLIS**, SM, Taurus, 31, 5'11", 7%, bearded Bottom for piss & scat. I love leather and kinky scenes, looking for fifth freak. Into shaving, light S&M, B&D, tit work. Can go top. Write Al, Box 476, Minneapolis, MN 55440.

**MATE FOR LIFE/ALL U.S.** Abrupt, obscene, white, weathered, short-haired, whiskered, greying ex-sailor, 51, 5'10", 170 lbs., will live with, washes, cooks, one French passive white S, 40-70, beets, levis, leather, w/s, etc. Farmers, cowboys, uniformed lawmen, hard hats, executives, other welcome. Will relocate. Box A16.

**MPLS**. Would like to meet men who like to fuck, are into bondage. Cowboys, truckers, all M's who are well hung and know what they want. No fats. Box 825.

**MASTER WANTED** Minneapolis. White, 25-yr, handsome, masculine slave, 5'11", 150 lbs., light brown hair, green eyes, dark beard - hot & horny, 7%. Leo, I am ready to serve - white - 28 to 40 yrs. stud. I would prefer older, tall, hairy muscular, bearded. Beams, muscles & big睾丸, tool a plus. Let me serve you and worship you, obey you and love you. I dig all leather gear & scenes! and am into body worship, j/o, dirty talk, posing, oil, cockrings, jock, all boots & gym gear. I beg you. Please Sir, help this hot, wanting slave find an owner. Letters to Box 560.

## MISSOURI

**ST. LOUIS** w/m, 6'1", 165 lbs., 7% uncut, very hairy all over, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive yet quiet, straight-acting and appearing, seeks other hairy masculine dudes into mutual give and take working over cock, tits, assholes, assholes with uniforms, jocks, no shirt or showing. Any age, eager to explore. Box 886.

Jacob L. of Missouri: Please, Sir, contact Ken of Indianapolis.

## MONTANA

**S MONK SEEKS DISCIPLE** M. Leather master will instruct you using strict monastic obedience, humiliation, discipline, penitence, poverty, labor, silence, cloister, devotional, asceticism, chastity, poverty, name changed, head shaved. If you pass the novitiate you will be professed Usque As Mortem. You cannot serve two masters. This is definitely a total commitment to eat my cock and drink my piss, not a passing meditation. Vocation to pine. Apply with aspirations and photo. Those are called but only one is chosen. Box 363.

## NEBRASKA

Corhusker maverick needs tannin', 5'4", leather-levi, ornerier than hell; like sex rough and hard, need a good Master. If you think you're man enough to break me. Box 496.

**OMAHA**, S, 37, 5'11", 175 lbs., intense, scores. Looking for clean-cut white M, 30+, godpooking, muscular, smooth body, masculine, and who enjoys being dominated. Prefer novice. Start with light B&D and grow together. I'm respectable and discreet, you must be same. Your character important. No drugs, fats, fems or dirty need apply. Box 231.

## NEW JERSEY

**NORTHERN JERSEY**, W/m, 38, 6'2", 185 lbs., hairy, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive Master; yet quiet, straight-acting and appearing seeks slave, 25-35, for permanent live-in relationship. Muscular body a plus. Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect limits. No hard or soft stuff. No drugs, fats, fems or phonies. Box 520.

## HE-MAN STUDS ONLY

White guy gives complete oral service. Lay back and relax. Very discrete and safe for married. Nine with photo. P.O. Box 342, Pine Brook, NJ 07058.

## NEW YORK

**SYRACUSE** w/m, versatile, 35, 5'11", 150 lbs., blonde, into light to heavy S&M, B&D, Ws, T/T, C/B Abuse, shaving, piercing, nailing, wax, scat, whips, crops, leather. Box 2874, Syracuse, NY 13220.

**WRESTLERS - LEVI'S** - S/M Man, tough, vicious, ruthless stud, 29, w/m, 6'2", wants to hear from same type dudes, all ages. Into no-holds-barred fighting, kicking, punching, and squeezing a guy's nuts, etc. Exchange info., ideas, or meet. Box 804.

**EASTERN LONG ISLAND**: Experienced, versatile Master seeks hot slaves, needing bondage, discipline, humiliation, chains, whips, tit torture, ball work, caning, etc. Returns, bars, beatings, and firm. Evening all night sessions. Begging letters with bare chested photos get reply. Novices acceptable. Box 980.

**TATTOOED & PIERCED**, 43, 6'3", 165 lbs., interested in open, masculine w/m, 30-50, not heavily into booze or drugs. Box 452.

**MANHATTAN**, S, 35, 6'4", blonde. Have 6'3" muscular slave, 30, Ann accepting applications for second slave. Slave subject to S/M, B&D, and video taping. If you're young, muscular, and attractive, send photo with qualifications at once. Box 673.

## EXPAND MY LIMITS

Tattooed and ringed M, 34, seeks Sado into: belts, paddles, whips, hot leather weapons. Marks cheerfully accepted. Write: Occupant, 100 Bank Street, No. 5A, NYC, NY 10014.

**NYC**, m, 43, 6'4", 210 lbs., 6% uncut. Needs immediate bondage, toys and creative sex. Sensitive, kind, and tits need to be worked on. Good S can expand my limits. Box 989.

**STRAP & BOARD** NYC, 6'2", 30, hot guy with strap and board seeks similar guys for lick trading fun. Phone Box 821.

**SADIST**, 35, sees masochist/slave into pain, cock, ball and tit torture, whipping, bondage, play, oral, verbal and other abuse. If your ONLY need is to serve your Master, write with telephone, address and a description of your qualifications/desires. Photo appreciated. Submission, Box 379, NYC 10008.

Obedient, w/m, 21, 6', 160. Need a powerful master to teach me the ropes, the right way. I have a some face and hot, hard body waiting to be disciplined. With right man, anything goes. Put me in my place and make me a better guy for more. Photo letter. Box 801.

**NEW YORK**, Capricorn, 37, 5'9", 160 lbs., into total permanent leather encasement with all senses and functions controlled. Into heavy bondage, harnesses, hoods, straitjackets. Into living the total slave's life. Looking for guy with together head. Also into exploring, playing top role with the right guy. Box A22.

**KINGSTON**: Goodlooking blonde, 27, 6'1", 160 lbs., 7% cut, into leather, uniforms, B&D, light S&M. Seeks leathermen for hot scenes, mutual experimentation. Will answer all, those with photo and phone first. Travels within state. Box A36.

## TOPMAN WANTED

Master wanted to expand my limits. Slave is mid-30s, 5'9", 138, with mustache and ringed tits. Needs to entertain my stomach, to alternate discipline and pain with affection. Box 712, New York, NY 10011.

**UNIFORM LEATHERMASTER** 43, 6'2", 170 lbs., 6% uncut, most adjustable man who understands his power and pride in bending his back and baring his ass in discipline and submission. Box A21.

**N.Y.C. W/M**, 33, 5'10", 165 lbs., tattooed, muscular, crew cut, all man merchant marine wants voyeristic lockerroom scenes with narcissistic musclemen. Will travel U.S. for right heads and bodies. Box 813.

**NYC FOOT SLAVE**, 26, 6'1", 180 lbs., br;br, very attractive, masculine and energetic. Gr A/P, Fr A/P, wishes to meet together, large-footed foot master to explore ultimate depths of foot slave, scenes, fantasies, feelings, intimacy, and beyond. Please write me, 304-201 Varick Street, New York, NY 10014.

## SILICONE BX8

Hot uniform and leather man has had it done! Interested in connecting with other siliconed studs. Don't leave if you haven't had it done. Exchange information, ideas, photos. Box 405F.

**NYC M**, 22, 5'10", 150 lbs., seeks Leathermaster into S&M, B&D, TT, and W/S. Box 809.

**NEW YORK CITY**, Sadist, ex-military, 29, butch, bodybuilder, seeks hot well-built tortoise animals for heavy pain, physical abuse, total toilet and body service. Box A18.

## SEX-AGGRANIANT!

Liber, M, 6'3", 170 lbs, mid-60's, white-haired, blue-eyed man of distinction type, would serve muscular masculine male of any age or race, who enjoys imaginative games with older man. Will do almost anything for right partner. Box 290X.

## VERY STRICK

NYC Leather Master, 30, 6', 170 lbs., 7% cut, mustache, seeks real slave. You will live in full command of your house. It is difficult to earn. I'm willing to accept well-trained slaves or to train a novice. Attitude is all important. Write graveling letter begging for interview. Be prepared for the total security of total surrender. Box 255.

## PIGGY RAUNCH

Versatile NYC Cheela w/m, Scorpion, 33, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7% cut, for uninhibited scenes. Heavy ass play (FF, D/F, D/W), scat, jocks, sweat, and socks with REAL creative men into role switching. Willing to explore new realms. No overweights or fats. Beards a plus. Include photo and scene. Box 703.

**WRESTLERS-STREET FIGHTERS** 28, 6'2", 190 lbs., topman wants to meet submissive young dudes into no-holds-barred. L/L, jock, wrestling. Also want to hear from other fighters in same. Box 804A.

**UNIFORMED CIGAR SMOKER** NYC. Hot uniform or full leather, 37, 6', 175 lbs, thick 8" cut. Short blonde hair, beard. Heavy cigar smoker, 1" nipples, tattoo, men interested in boots, uniforms, motorcycle cops. S.S., toilet, FF, dildos. Write with photos. Box 984.

**GREENWICH VILLAGE**, S, Taurus, 46, 5'9", 172 lbs., 6% uncut, white, experienced, trustworthy, imaginative master, seeks serious macho/leather/partner to 48+ with reasonable standards. No FF, dog discipline. No extremes. Limits respected, expanded. No fats, fakes, fags. Send appropriately submissive reply. Box 185R.

**NYC**, Taurus, 49, 6', 170 lbs., w/m, 7% novice, demands contact by dark hairy slave, black or white. Must have large cock and desire to display and PLAY. Box 153P.

BUFFALO, w/m, 42, 6'1", 174 lbs., uniforms, leather, levi's. Novice, but wants to learn. Will answer all, travel. Box 715.

#### SUPER HEAVY S&M

Way out and wild S&M given to hot young slave by brutal, well-equipped Master. Real m's send photo, age, experience to: Box 12-R, 2705 N. 503, 147 West 42nd St., New York, NY 10036.

BUFFALO, w/m, 27, 5'9", 185 lbs., 7' uncut, SM, Aquarian, seeks knowledgeable master into Levi who is a part of my life. I am a SM & B.D. etc. Master in tight leather, tall polished boots and into bikes are sure turn on. Are you ready to train me? Send photo and phone for prompt reply. Box 404BNY.

NEW YORK, Aryan, 47, 5'8", Aries/Taurus cusp, into motorcycles, boots, police uniforms, tattoos and S&M; interested in corresponding with stocky cigar smoking macho man, 40 plus. Box 625.

#### NORTH CAROLINA

W/m slave, 27, heavy prolonged leather bondage, harness, mask, torture. Sex secondary behind experiencing expanding pain. Have equipment. Box 70759, Ft. Bragg, NC 28307.

#### OHIO

**SLAVE WANTED**  
Couple, 29 and 35, looking for slave and houseboy. Write to: 879 Dover St., Warren, OH 44485. Be quick.

#### CLEVELAND BODYBUILDER

Hot young white Master, 23, new to Cleveland, 6', 165 lbs., B', exceptionally fit, meat, looks, body, would like to meet her. USM, prime slaves and to men, other masters in Cleveland area. Write with photo and phone and limits to SIR, P.O. Box 16416, Cleveland, OH 44116.

**WANTED: Dominant white Top** with mustache and hairy body. Top with mustache, hairy body, 5'8", 165 lbs. and mustache. Am into B/D, W/S, light S/M and heavy tit action. No fats, fems, or F/F. Write The Jaws. Box 805.

**BOOTLOVER**, 27, 5'7", 137 lbs., looking for my guy to buy Frie Boots that wants me to lick them and cum on them. Box 151.

CLEVELAND, MS, Aries, 46, 5'10", 155 lbs., white, 6%, novice, French active, Greek passive, wants to please large, well-built partner to 50. No fats, heavy S/M, or B.O. Box 17V.

DAYTON, S, 35, 5'11", 155 lbs., looking for part-time slave/houseboy. Pay considered for the right guy who is willing to work as play. Good-looking, athletic, considerate male slave. The slave should have average looks, be under 30, and into the hard trip as well as the physical. Box 678.

COLUMBUS, SM, Virgo, 40, 5'9", 153 lbs., white, 6%, novice, leather, mutual satisfaction for masochist, sincere, straight-appearing butch types. No fems, fats, snobs, chicken. Box 365.

STILLWATER, 38, 5'9", 190 lbs., uncut, ex-police looking for other officers and ex-officers into policing, police leathers, uniforms, hollisters, and cycle cops as a lifestyle. No fakes, overly fat, fems, or drugs. Discreet. Box 885.

#### MOUTH JOCK

A unique trip. Let your big soft cock and balls be strung into my mouth. I want a sensuous mouth pouch! Hunky computer boy, 33, 6'2", solid body, 7%, loose balls, into western wear, military, police uniforms, athletes, seeks men with similar interests. Box 18441, Oklahoma City, OK 73154.

STILLWATER, SM, 36, 5'8", 180 lbs., 8' uncut, ex-police officers looking for other officers, ex-officers, those into uniforms as a lifestyle. No fats, drags, fems, scat. Discreet. Box 45.

#### OREGON

PORTLAND bottom seeks dominant, aggressive top. Dig ass beating, humiliation, piss, rimming, toys, tit-work, kinky scenes, Am 31, 6'2", 185 lbs., gooflooking. Box 624.

#### PENNSYLVANIA

PITTSBURGH AREA MASTER 45, 5'8", 155 lbs, cigar smoker, full leather, requires submissives under 6'. Fully equipped dungeon. Hot, heavy scenes. Want round submission, no limits. Fat, fleshy. Young novices considered for permanent servitude training. You are ordered to send photo and letter of submission to Master Boots, Box 534, New Kensington, PA 15068.

PITTSBURGH, S, 44, w/m, 6', 185 lbs, hairy chest, 7' uncut, 8 year USMC. Into B/D, leather, levi's. Wants masculine stud who understands submission and service, willing to give his body for my pleasure. Box 83.

**WOODSHED DISCIPLINE**  
Barre-assed spankings given/taken by discreet 48, 5'8", 155 lbs. Send letter and photo to: John, Box 21312, Philadelphia, PA 19126.

PHILADELPHIA, I do not hesitate to tell you I am a sensitive Master. Men come to me for many reasons: love, friendship, guidance, training. Some come and go. The knowing men return for my grasp, my massage, strict complete psychological discipline and discipline. My standards as strict as I am sensitive. 35, bearded, 5'10", trim, handsome. Openings only for serious slaves & novices to age 40. Photo and respects to: D'Ortenzo, P.O. Box 2202, Philadelphia, PA 19103.

**MUSCULAR & MASCULINE S**  
30, 6'1", 200 lbs., 8' cut, seeks instrument of suffering & service. You are a muscular, straight-appearing M who needs to submit to the abusive control of a total Man. Your first step is a letter of submission with pictures begging for my attention. Box 802.

#### DUNGAREED MEN

HOOTIE & SACK ME  
Philadelphia white slave, a young 42, straight wanting to be kidnapped by dirty domineering men with trucks who will use me as labor and to serve their sweaty dungarees and rugged bodies all over! Box 490.

HARRISBURG, M, 180 lbs., 28, white slave, looking for a master, 21-45, no fakes, fats, fems, ugly. Into W/S, B/D, jock straps, torn pants, verbal humiliation, public worship. Make me your dog with collar and leash. I will obey or else. Will go to NY, Philadelphia, Baltimore or DC. Box 969.

#### FOOT SERVICE

I know how to please, 5'6", 32, 140 lbs., w/m, will worship your feet/balls. Moustache a plus, bears O.K. Box 705.

SCRANTON, M, Gemini, white, 47, 5'6", 154 lbs, 6", intelligent novice boys, understanding, affectionate Master (any age) will with respect and extend limits. Am adventurous and pretty solid. Any race okay. Box 964.

WILKES BARRE, S, Cancer, 41, 6'170 lbs., white, 12". Experienced military, disciplinarian with rural background. Into military experience, seeks prisoners from beginner to experienced, for penal discipline. Scene is of primary importance. Steel bondage, cells, cages, heavy physical exercise used. Will train beginners. No fems, fats, Box 55.

#### RHODE ISLAND

TWO LEATHER MASTERS accepting applications from leather slaves for heavy group action. S/M, B&D, W/S, FF, Max, etc. Must be 25 to 40 yrs. Photo a must will receive ours in return. Box 51, Norwood, MA 02062.

#### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

M 25, white, 5'10", 146 lbs, into fucking and fuck-fucking (intercourse), S/M (whipping, tit & ball torture), bondage (spreadeagling, gags), domination, verbal abuse, leather, levi's, books. Seeks meetings/correspondence with aggressive Tops/Masters in USA, Europe, Canada, Australia. Box 286.

#### TEXAS

DALLAS - Not g/w dominant man, 160 lbs., 35, 6', with 75% crudly muddy sweat, very balls and crotch, I may, muscle, riding, riding, leather, levi's, boots, dirty jock strap, and other masculine clothing. I am boss, but respect limits. You appreciate the above, being submissive, w/s, dirty talk, verbal abuse, j/d, worshipping, servicing, and groping, cross, and cross, and cross, explicit telling me about your self. No scat, fats, phones. Your phone number gets quickest reply. Box 970.

FT. WORTH, SM, 47, 6'2", 195 lbs., 35, uncut, German. Adonis is looking for slave. Should be knowledgeable, clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots, and leather. Not into FF, scat, w/s. Box 059D.

#### COWBOYMASTER

W/M, 21, 170 lbs., looking for slave into heavy B&D, W/S, C/B, boot worship or anything else I order. Application with photo will be considered. Box A17.

DALLAS, 41 and out for kinky fun. Top guy, 5'8", 130 lbs., nice looking. No scat, no fems, but lots of c/b, tit, and ass play; spankings; bondage; and w/s. Enclose photo. 18 to 45 white only. Box 987.

FIST FUCK RAPE. Serious Top Men contact Larry in Houston. Box 981.

AUSTIN, W/M, 36, 5'8", 145 lbs., into cut/uncut, light S&M, L/L, jockstraps, gym shorts, FF, B/D, fucking, dildoes, total ass, insemination. Will try uniforms, W/S, B/D, slave, slave, slave, fats, scat, blood, torture, or implants. Come Top, bottom, mutual. Photo/Phone gets immediate reply. Box 751.

#### TOTALMASTER

Bodybuilder, 37, 6', huge handsome, into everything, wants total slave who knows his only place in life is to serve me. You'll be shaved, kept naked, and cared for. No limits. No excuses. Photo. Box A23.

HUSTON MASTER, 45, w/m, 5'11", 175 lbs, gentle but firm, accepting applications. Slave, you must be masculine, well-proportioned, good-looking, and healthy. Inexperience OK, you will be trained. Reasonable limits respected. Write sincere, confidential letter. Ask what questions you have NOW. Include photo. Permanent live-in possible, I can travel. Box 633.

DALLAS, 5'8", 160 lbs., 27 years old, likes to be wrestled down, roped and gagged by muscular captor for total tight prolonged bondage and forced to submit. Can reverse roles. Box 734.

DALLAS COMPLETE MASTER 36, 6', 165 lbs, sensational fist fucker, insatiable big cock, flexible feet for unusual sex play, seeks slaves who are serious about their role and want a lifetime in S/M. Box 476.

**RETIRED TEXAN**  
Free to travel USA. Interests include, but not limited to: leather and rubber clothing and footwear and related items. MC police uniform (breaches and boots). Most anxious to respond with and possibly meet other individuals with similar interests regardless of geographical location of current residence. Box 401.

**EAGER TO LEARN**  
HOUSTON area w/m, 32, 5'8", 150 lbs, willing to anything for someone who can tell teach and train. Like mustaches, trimmed beards, hairy chests and legs. Box 386.

#### VIRGINIA

NAVA, SAG, 31, 5'9", 160 lbs, 8", cut, white, good body, seeks white muscular athletes or military, 20-40, to expand experience. Put your muscles with mine for mutual enjoyment. Box 440.

NORFOLK/CHESTER BEACH, GWM, 30, desires to meet master to explore bondage and light S/M. Willing to experiment in leather, ropes, suspension, rubber, mummification, shaving, prolonged bondage. Must have gameroom and toys. No WS, FF, fat, pain, hard drugs, damage. Prefer young military under 35. Must respect limits. Include phone number in reply. Box 818.

#### WASHINGTON

**MUSCULAR COWBOY**  
W/M, 21, 170 lbs., looking for slave into heavy B&D, W/S, C/B, boot worship or anything else I order. Application with photo will be considered. Box A17.

RASSLING'!  
6'2", 188 lbs, looking for some athletic competition in Seattle. Collegiate, pro, submission, no-holds-barred; I'll take ya on. Only serious, sweaty jocks need reply. Let's go a few rounds and get down! Box 815.

SEATTLE AREA, FF top and/or bottom looking for good times. Loving fist, trained by the best. Enjoy men, not boys. Into uniforms, sports (if you know what I mean); am hot for truckers, cowboys and leathermen. Am 5'11", 170 lbs., husky, 9" uncut. Box 699.

TACOMA. Houseboy wanted, no experience necessary, will train. Prefer small or medium build; age unimportant. Box 982.

#### WEST VIRGINIA

HARPERS FERRY, 32, 6', 160 lbs., 10", cut, Looking for w/m, 18-35, muscular and hairless preferred, nice ass, who wants his tits worked over. Box 736.

HOW DO YOU SPELL ACTION?  
D-R-U-M-B-E-A-T-S

DRUMBEATS: MORE AD FOR LESS MONEY

## WISCONSIN

MILWAUKEE, M, 5'9", 145 lbs., white, hairy chest, novice needs instruction in FF, WS, S&M, etc. from Master who will show me my limits and respect them and teach me my role. No heavy drugs, fats, fems, scat. Photo greatly appreciated. Box 837.

MILWAUKEE, W/M, 28, 6'1", 170 lbs., 10", seeking Master/Lover relationship w/m 18-29 yrs. Must be patient, understanding, and new to this scene. Will answer all with frank letter. State your demands and send with photo to Box 973.

MILWAUKEE: Two kinky guys, 50, 5'9", 170 lbs., 10", 8", slaves, good builds, into FF, WS, fucking, sucking, piercing, S&M, seeking third person with stud horse to show his big cock or our asses or other animal sex. Ed & Pat, P.O. Box 1368, Milwaukee, WI 53201.

WISCONSIN: Continue your Drummer interests. Your bottom fantasies, desires, and limits explored in writing or possibly in person. Sensitivity, not experience, only requirement. Box 808.

WISCONSIN: Out of state and foreign college or grad students, missing that firm hand of authority? Perhaps we can discuss and arrange to resolve those frustrations. Box 810.

## WYOMING

Looking for macho partner with 9 to 12' who wants to retire to the country. Spend a week or a lifetime riding, fishing, camping and screwing. Will take care of all needs. Send photo and frank letter to Box A43.

## CONTACT

### ELEGANT EXTRACTS

The nationwide club for men into giving and/or receiving enemas. Send name, age to: Elegant Extracts, Box 449-D, NYC, NY 10014.

### FOOT FRATERNITY

A fraternity for men who dig bare feet, boots, shoes, socks, sneakers, leather, levis and other clothing, who wish to contact others with the same interests. For information write: Foot Fraternity, Box 3385, San Francisco, CA 94119.

**CHARTER FOR MEN OF LEATHER** Lewis, S&M, Bodybuilding, FF, information writer: Box 416, 132 West 24th Street, NYC, NY 10011. Answer Now!

### CIGAR SMOKERS

Hot, masculine man who smokes and gets turned on by cigar. Wants contacts with man of same interest. P.O. Box 20604, Seattle, WA 98102.

### CASTRATION

Facts, history, Arabian WWII, China, American Indian, Present Time, Exchange papers, drawings, correspondence, P.O. Box 1528, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

### S&M, B&D, WS, FETISHES

Find one who shares your interest. Read SMADS. Send \$2 for sample copy. State over 21, Box 112, New York, NY 10011. 100 Bank, 5A.

### JUST MEN

Our new 1981 catalog is now available, offering you a place in the sun. Just Men's "swimwear" is designed for the guy that is always on the go. Send \$1.00 to Just Men, 275 West 39th Street, New York, NY 10018. Retail store enquiries welcomed.

### GAY S/M SUPPORT ORG.

forming in NYC. Contacts, socials, forums, more for men into domination & submission, fantasies, etc. Brian (212) 243-3332 after 6 p.m.

**REAR FRENCHMAN OF AMERICA** The Nationwide/International organization for men into rear French. Send name, age to: RFA, Box 537, New York, NY 10011.

### IRANIAN-CUBANS

B/B, 5'10", 162 lbs., 10", 8", wants to fight, wrestle, spike, cockfight, to dominance with 18-28 lonely. Young arrogant dudes the best! Mean stallion in leather/levis will take challenges from young challengers who want to win. I'm the top cock and will prove it. Write, fax, email, or phone to Box 11624, Coral Ridge Station, Ft. Lauderdale FL 33308. Think you're too stallion? As my cock humps, you won't.

### FEET, SHOES, SOCKS

If you're into feet, socks, boots, sneakers, or any kind of footie thing, \$1 and SASE gets you turn-on application to International Newsletter, Chuck, Suite 72, 304 Steinert, San Francisco, CA 94117.

### FOOTMAN

The Nationwide/International organization for men into feet, socks, boots, etc. Send name, age to: Footman, Box 741-D, New York, NY 10004.

Correspond with and meet guys who are super-endowed. Join my CLUB SEVEN/ELEVEN, America's largest correspondence club for the gay and bisexual male. Write for complete details. Sam Harrison, Box 1049-A, Sun Valley, CA 91352.

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### "THE TOILET"

\$1 Flushes an Application  
\$3 Flushes a Tissue Sample  
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Write: John H., 433 Douglass Street,  
San Francisco, CA 94111.

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Action-packed audio cassette. One full hour on Maxell Tape, \$9.50. Get your tapes and cassettes for this one. BLACK, ELASTIC COCK-RING, \$2.50, DIRTY JOCKSTRAP, \$5.00. All three items for \$15.00. Please state you are over 21. Cal. residents add 6% sales tax. TEE-PEE PRODUCTIONS, Box 449, Granada, CA 95444. (3180 Sullivan).

### T-SHIRTS

S to XL, 30 captions. Sex, Fun, Trash, Christmas, Birthday, Etc. \$6.50 each. For catalogue send 50c to D.S.C., P.O. Box 6306, Jersey City, NJ 07306 (2600 Kennedy Blvd.).

## MAIL ORDER

### GENITALS

A series of four erotic drawings by Charles R. Musgrave printed as fine art cards on heavy stock. Each card measures 5½x8½ inches and comes with its own matching envelope. An unusually erotic and explicit series by an extremely talented artist. A set of four cards, \$4.95 postpaid. Drawings available on request. Proper Exposure, 246 Clinton Park, San Francisco, CA 94103.

**ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE** Gauntlet Gloves, brown or black, South African Cape leather, genuine, exceptional quality from official Canadian supplier. Rare limited offer. State size. \$120. Celebrations, 124 Moore St., San Francisco, CA 94117.



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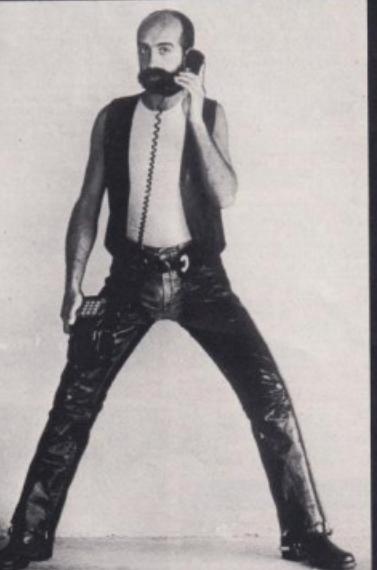


PHOTO: BAD SHOTS

**EXPLICIT TOILET TRAINING GUIDE.** What it takes to be a full-service toilet. Tips for trainers. Man-hurting, hot, thirsty action. State over 21, \$7 to K. Gregory, 1424A Walnut St., No. 296, Berkeley, CA 94709.

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Fun, funky, freak equipment for practical cleanliness and discipline. Full line of other ass-oriented toys. Catalogue \$1, Art Hamilton, 315 West 4th St., New York, NY 10014.

If you would like to pick up the phone and have a hot young dude entertain you, get a copy of my SPECIAL ENTERTAIN. Describes over 250 male models, built and male escort services in 34 cities. Many girls, Colt, Blueboy, Target models who will be glad to pose for you a fee. Phone numbers given for every listing. List updated monthly. For your copy, send \$5 to: Sam Harrison, 641 North Myers, Burbank, CA 91506.

**S/M, B/D QUESTIONNAIRE**  
Find out what that guy you just met really wants. 10 page questionnaire developed by experienced leatherman and psychologist explores all aspects of leathersex experience and desire. It could open new horizons for you! Only \$8.00 postpaid. D. Shackelford, 2918 N Clark, Chicago, IL 60657.

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**18" BLACK LOGGER BOOTS**  
Lace up to toe, thick leather construction, Super Lug or Spike soles available. Any size or width, many styles available. Write to: Jim Box 23764, San Jose, CA 95123. Include 25c for mailing list.

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The California laws now read that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal in all advertising the address at which the business is being conducted. To advertise this address must be included in all ads. To readers: the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad is the address required by state law. Most firms will still prefer that correspondence be sent to the listed box.

## AUSTRALIA

**OBEDEDIENT PISS BOY**  
Australian Master has piss slave available for discipline, training, S/M (35' 6"3", 11 stone) violet staining USA \$881. Would make good toilet to black or white Master requiring full body service, are cleaning, etc. Box 983.

**MELBOURNE**, M, 42, 6'3", 190 lbs., 7" cut, seeks topmen, 25-45, hung, macho, well built. Am willing to experiment, but my limits should be respected. Box 268.

The biggest collection of  
sure things two bits can buy!

## CANADA

**MONTRÉAL** Oral slave, 48, white, 5'9", 165 lbs, seeks oral, rimming, tongue service to master under 35. Also into worshipping, WS, face-sitting, feet, V.A., humiliations, punishments, exposure. Will be in S.F. & L.A. in October. Box 80, Robert. Box 974.

**VANCOUVER** B.C. Master, white male, 29 of age, 5'10", 165 lbs., 8" cut, attractive French Canadian looking for slave: White, under 30 of age, give me complete submission, follow set schedule daily, willing to tolerate (American or Canadian), pictures and details will follow yours. No fags or fats, Series type only. Box A32.

**VANCOUVER** Leather and boot leather connoisseur also into motorcycle uniforms, leather, leather and muscular stud for permanent relationship. I'm 39, handsome, fun-loving, yet serious. Will stand by my partner no matter what. Box A31.

**TORONTO**, W/M, 28, 5'11", 140 lbs., 7" cut, slim, broad shoulders, goodlooking, into Gr, Fr front and rear, bear pits, scat, raunchy jockstraps, dildoes, spit, amyl, mild S/M, new to FF; prefer goodlooking guys 26-36, must have at least 6" cock; no fats, drugs. Box 812.

**ONTARIO**, 26, 140 lbs., 5'8", 62", cut, semi-muscular. M looks for muscular, or well built masculine men under 40, well-hung, white or Black. Have real desire to serve, have my ashole used. Box 473.

S, 45, 5'11", 150 lbs., slender, blonde, hairy, 8" cut, stern disciplinarian, but considerate and respects limits. Seeks 18-40, slender, under 5'10" prefer uncut, should be adventurous and willing to learn with the assistance of my personal slave. No fats, see photos. Applicants should be willing to experiment with mild S&M, B&D, WS, and toys. Box 238.

**STUDS SERVICED**  
Haven pad,  
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## DENMARK

**SLAVE OFFERED**  
Danish master seeks Master to look after his son visiting New York for 2 weeks in mid-November. The slave is 6', slim, 42, hardbody, well built, pierced and can take anything. FF/CB, WS, etc. The master must have a strong personality and rich fantasy. The few limits must be respected if I want him back in one piece. Reply with photo to: P. Westergaard, 12 Bakkerdraget, 3460 Birkerod, Denmark.

## ENGLAND

**LONDON**, Leather guy, 6'2", 170 lbs., white, 7", very hairy, strictly top. Wants to meet groovy, manly slaves who know how to serve a real master. Am into most scenes. Enjoy man-to-man action with guys who are 100% male and proud of it. Write on your knees. Send a photo and with your name. If you are a real slave, I can guarantee you the real thing. Letters with photos answered first. Box 665B.

**MIDDLESEX**, 37, 5'10", 145 lbs., cut, medium build, short hair, muscular, seeks same, over 30, imaginative, into leather/uniforms or levis, hung. Am into good S&M, bondage, fisting, whipping, dildoes. Box 383.

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!

**OXFORD**, Knowledgeable M, 37, 5'10", 160 lbs., into leather, rubber, denim. Has good tongue ready to please a master. Box 723.

**LONDON AND YORKSHIRE**, S, 5'9", 150, 180 lbs., would like to meet visitors to Britain. Very experienced master. Box 557.

**LONDON**, M, 40, 5'9", 150 lbs., 55" uncut, into WS, leather, rubber, combat gear, seek dominant to 45, strict, but respectful of limits. Box 630.

**LONDON BEGINNER**  
W/m, 32, 6'0", 165 lbs., looking for partner in leather or denim. Willing to try almost anything. Box 716.

**SM, 45, 5'11", 6" cut; imaginative,**

**wide range of interests, willingness.**

Box 359.

## FRANCE

**PARIS**, SM, Virgo, 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., white bodybuilder, muscular, biker, short hair, moustache, into leather, levis, and boots. Experienced with playroom, well-equipped with toys, mirrors, sling. Seeks partner SM no fat, to 50, or master into W/S. BS, FF, WH, tittwork, boots, leather, w/leather, etc. Willing some torture or pain. Must be manlike, into levis or leather, respectful of limits. Travel every year to the States (CA, NY). Will answer every letter. Box 884.

## WEST GERMANY

**COLOGNE**, SM, 45, 6', white, 7" uncut, into either role, experienced and convincing, masculine, slender and muscular, tends towards S role. Interested in meeting men into more than sex. Should be intelligent, respectful, w/leather naturally. Should not be fat or younger, not fat, no fags. Travel to U.S. occasionally. Box 112.

**GERMAN**, SM, 34, 6'2", uncut, experienced, wants to meet men on boys' terms, into leather, levis, toys and games. No hangups about age, race or endowment. Also interested in sharing slaves with Masters, use and abuse them. Also interested in exchanging ideas, etc. Write with details and photo. Box 134.

## NETHERLANDS

**HOLLAND**, hot hunk, 31, 6'3", 190 lbs., 10" uncut, with hard arm body into hot sex, face fucking, titplay, CB, WS, FF, toys, anything w/will visit USA over Xmas and春节. Good for a good time with hard body doing. Come 18-35 and really like to take it. Levis, leather, groups. No fags, or skinnies. Box 889.

## LUXEMBOURG

**Novice needs training.** W/m, 33, 183 cms., 75 kg., prefers beards, moustaches, country life. Box 629.

## SWEDEN

**MALMO**, S, 41, 6'1", 70 kg, 7½" uncut, hard and demanding top/seks slave who needs to be completely controlled. No games, the real thing only. No fags, fems, imitations. Box 477.

**MUST BE REALLY MALE**  
M, 30+, seek same either role; interested in a real male. Tend to be passive. Into levis, leather, coveralls, into sex toys. Can travel. Willing to correspond with other Masters and slaves. Box 228M.

**STOCKHOLM BEGINNER** wants muscular trainer, Am 23, 5'10", blond, 200 lbs., 6" uncut. Box 556.

**FOREIGN MAIL**  
When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct postage and overseas air-mail postage. Current rates are 3¢ per ½ ounce. Letters without correct postage will be returned.

## LATE ARRIVALS

**S.F. LEATHERMASTER**, 38, 6'5", 185 lbs., 6½" uncut, black hair, mustache, wants slave with beard or mustache who does a good blow job, rimming and licking crotch & balls for life of obligation and servitude. Interests: B&D, CBT, MD (mild electro), witchcraft, leather and rubber. FF optional. No scat or WS. Live in a possibility for the right person. No overnights, fats, fems, olds. Send pic to Box A44.

**WHAT IS RUBBER?** Rubber shirt, rubber pants with gillo, rubber face mask, catheter. Let's all together and see. W/M 37 looking for anyone interested in above. Box A42.

**COMBAT WRESTLING**  
**FRANCISCO** 29, 6'2", goodlooking muscular stud, 5'8", 145 lbs, sees opponents within 20 lbs. for brutal freestyle matches to submission. Send challenge with picture if possible. Box A49.

**"ICH DIEN"**  
Master, through You, Sir, I have gained the knowledge of my reality. In Your possession I have found my freedom. As Your slave son, I experience completeness of existence. Keep me, my devotion is total. Respectfully, f.t.c.

**ACCOMMODATION, BED,** and **BREAKFAST** Stud Services. Write Skinhead, Box 3072, Vancouver 8.C., Canada V6B 3X6. All inquiries answered.

**SAN FRANCISCO**, Tit man; W/SM, 30s; experienced, with smooth muscular body and big nipples seeks same for satisfying sessions. Toys welcome. Must have good definition. Box A46.

**ORANGE COUNTY/LONG BEACH** area. Goodlooking versatile blonde's fantasy is servicing smooth jocks. Box A55.

**FT. LAUDERDALE**. Part-time slave wanted by Scorpio, tall, athletic. Bondage, discipline, humiliation, paddling. Novice or experienced. Must have firm body, smooth ass, very little body hair. Must be intelligent, discreet, youthful. No fats, fems, imitations. Send detailed, honest letter with photo and phone number to Box 881.

**B.F.D.** of Mankato, MN — Please let us know where you are. Write Box 356.

**W/male, 43, 6'1", 165 lbs., seeks slave or prisoner who needs tit, cock & ball torture.** Box 356.

**SAN FRANCISCO**, 29, 5'8", 160 lbs, dark, muscular and experienced bodybuilder, 42" chest, 29 waist, solid, handsome, and toothsome. Restraints, unusual equipment, w/s, and godlookin men into sexual/sensual photo on the chest and nuts write. Occupant, 955 Oak Street, S.F., CA 94117.

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For guys into Leather, Jockstraps, Bondage, Spanking, Enemas, Fist Fucking, Bondage, Spanking, Whips. Our publication contains articles, letters, graphics, classified ads. Send \$1 for sample. Impulse Forum, P.O. Box 630, Flushing, NY 11352. (41-65 Main Street)

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Over 21 signature required \_\_\_\_\_

### RUN NO MORE (continued from page 31)

ward into my brain. I felt a rush of warmth through my entire body before he let go his hold.

He moved around in front of me after that, leaving the pins in my flesh so each convulsive movement reminded me of his total mastery. He was holding a metal box in one hand . . . more pins . . . more pain! I started to scream at him again, but he made no response to acknowledge my hysteria. Instead, he calmly fastened his thumb and forefinger onto one nipple, twisted it as he moved to straddle my lower body. Even through those additional waves of pain, I was aware of his cock touching my own, prodding my underbelly with a force that proclaimed my tormentor's enjoyment of what he did.

*Enjoying it . . . son of a bitch! Pretending he hates queers when his friends are around . . . digs a heavy scene . . . wonder what Bert did to him . . . mother-fucker!* He yanked my teat as if he meant to tear it off. My eyes were shut or squirming through most of this; when I did open them I couldn't see for the screen of tears. He must have set his box down somewhere, because he unexpectedly shoved the inhaler into my nostril again, while his other hand never slackened its hold on my nipple. In spite of myself, I felt my senses reeling. Pain started to drift and merge with a floating numbness engendered by the amyl. He alternated his grip, first working one teat, then the other. He kept shoving the plastic tube into my nose and forcing me to breathe its vapors. I had never used amyl this heavily before, never realized you could trip out to this extent. Eventually my mind ceased to function and I lost contact with any reality.

Charlie's actions are easy enough to reconstruct, though I cannot pretend to remember them exactly. I knew he held me down by the pressure of his groin, and his hard, hairy body kept tipping forward, shoving me back against the padded leather. My only clear recollection is of his huge, shadowy form, the heat of him radiating against me, into me . . . solid cock prodding my belly, inhaler shoved deep into one nostril while his calloused thumb depressed the other. At some time, though I don't know when, he set two of his pins through either teat. I never felt it. In fact I must have been so completely out as to take some distorted pleasure from his treatment of me. I vaguely remember my cock rising rigidly above my groin and Charlie binding it with strips of rawhide. He wound the thongs around and around, down the length of my sac until the balls were stretched and contracted. I couldn't even recall a sensation of pain.

At some point he turned me over, bound me belly-down upon the rack which had been returned to a horizontal position. He must also have taken the pins from my ass; at least, they were gone when I finally returned to a reasonable homeostasis. He used a strap on me, or a whip; I can't remember which. I know the strokes were falling hard and fast as my mind rose periodically through the murky confusion of pain and amyl. He continued to poke the inhaler into my nose . . . may even have shoved some pills down my throat. I can't be sure, but I later had a bitter taste in my mouth and the residual effects were worse than they should have been from amyl itself.

I know I was flying high above some dark gray clouds, while the sun was burning down across my back and buttocks. The heated rays were striking me with a powerful force, making me glow with a sense of warmth and stinging light. The feeling built and ebbed, centered here and there as Charlie varied the area of concentration. He fucked me after this. I recall the exquisite, stabbing pain and the sharp, unrelenting possession that continued through my muttered pleas and protestations. I don't remember when he finished, though there are patches of illuminated memory and spotty mental pictures . . . the dark heat and the pressure of his groin as he battered his body into mine. There was a sensation of helpless submission, of deep-thrust strokes and bittersweet agony as he rammed his strength inside me.

My next certain awareness, as I emerged from the web of confused impressions, was tempered with half-realized discomfort and shadowy specters of fear. Jim's voice was begging me to come awake . . . the sound rising from some nebulous depths, through fog that existed only in my own distorted imagery.

To Be Continued

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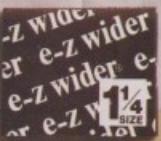
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CONRAP (continued from page 71)

I am serving a 1½ year sentence for possession of 1 oz. of grass, and this is real red-neck country, so please write, Nathaniel Anderson, No. 42959 Camp MSU, Parchman, MS 38738.

Two gays incarcerated in Ohio prison would like to hear from anyone. Will answer all letters. Ben Meyer, No. 96697, Box 69, London, OH 43140. Bill Crawford, No. 141194, Box 69, London, OH 43140.

Gay man, non-racist and intelligent. Sidney Rawson, No. 15937, Box 14, Boise, ID 83797.

Drummer reader just transferred to new institution and out of touch, would like to hear from readers. Vic Byrd, No. 40258, 2605 State Street, Salem, OR 97310.

I like photography and music (all kinds) and would like to have someone to write to. Chuck Wilson, No. 155-891, Box 69, London, OH 43140.

Would like to hear from anyone about anything. I'm young and very lonely and will probably be here a long time. Adolph Comer, No. 049565, Box 158, Lowell, FL 32663.

Two gay brothers would like to receive mail from other gays. Charles Marts, No. 33677-136, Box 1000, Marion, IL 62959. Robert Larry Myers, No. 36256-136, Box 1000, Leavenworth, KS 66048.

I haven't received any mail in two years and am very lonely. Roberto Brown, Box 43, Norfolk, MA 02056.

Cute, 19 year old and I have brown hair and brown eyes and am anxious for someone to write to. My hobbies are water skiing, skating and horse back riding and fixing up fast cars. I am both passive and active in any scene and welcome all mail. Rodney Elkins, 101604, POB 97, McAlester, OK 74501.

Hot young inmate looking for guiding master to teach me more about the gay scene. I am both passive and active and love the passive scene the best. I have a seven-inch dick and love to use it and love to have others use theirs on me. Jesse Johnson III, CLU 10 South, 2800 Gravier Street, New Orleans, LA 70119.

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